



WAR ON LAND, SEA AND AIR!



NO 12
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OPERATION

PERIL

G. I.'S IN DEADLY COMBAT!

10¢





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THE HOODED HORSEMAN

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-
MINUTE WESTERN COMIC
THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



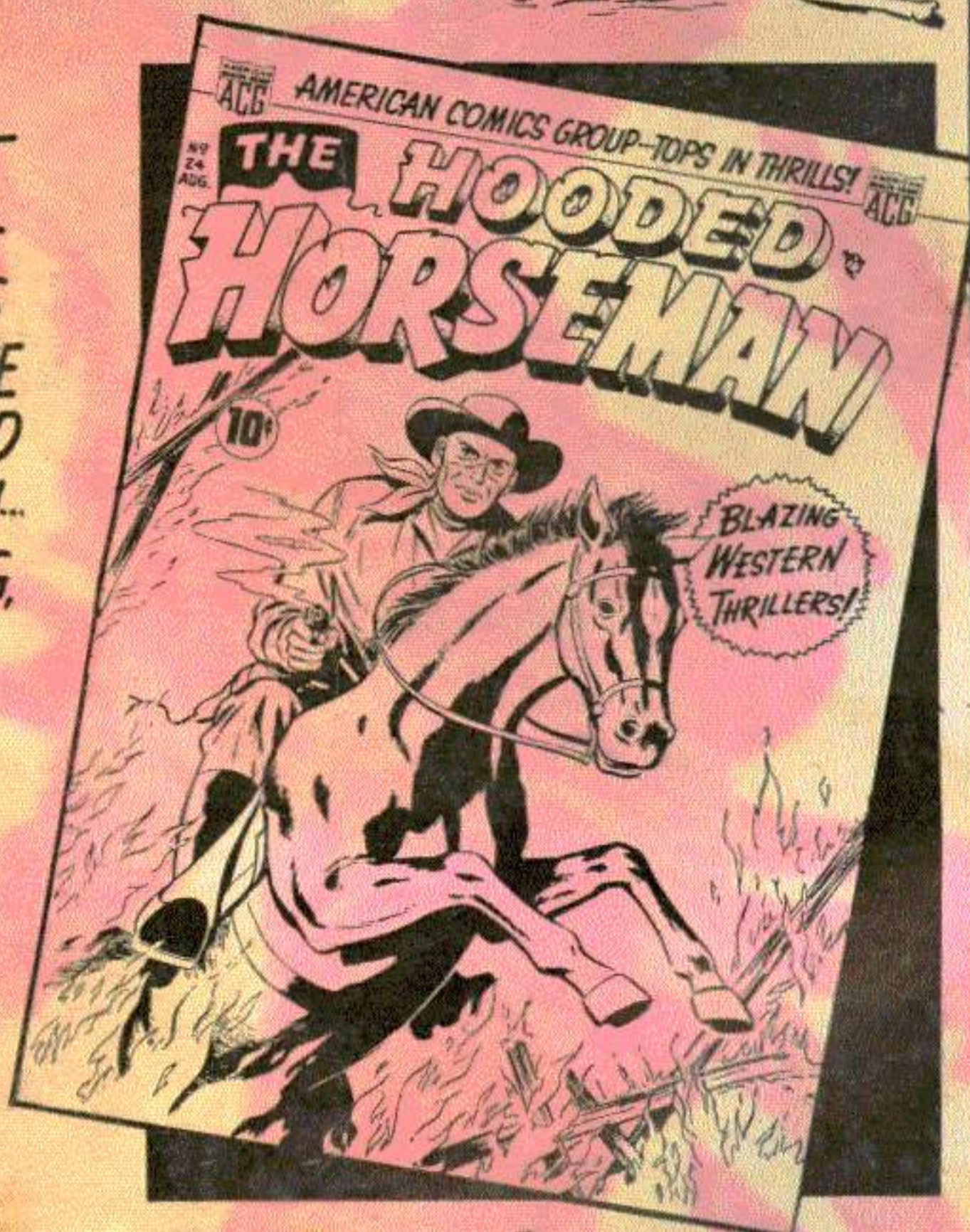
You'll **GASP** AT
FAST-SHOOTING, RED-
BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS
THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE
PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED
INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...
THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING,
FAST-RIDING COWBOY
HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a
western like this...
it's an action-packed
killer-diller! So...

don't miss

THE HOODED HORSEMAN!



10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

DANNY DANGER

★ Espionage Ace ★

DANNY DANGER'S THE NAME, BUD -- AND DANGER'S WHAT I THRIVE ON! ...



YUP, LIKE I SAID, BEING A PRIVATE EYE HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS! THIS, FOR EXAMPLE, WAS AN OLD STORY TO ME ...

OH, MR. DANGER, I'M SO HAPPY A FAMOUS DETECTIVE LIKE YOU DECIDED TO TAKE MY CASE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY YOUR USUAL RETAINER, BUT PERHAPS THIS WILL SERVE AS A DOWN PAYMENT!

DANNY DANGER
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR



BUT THIS TIME, THE ENDING WAS DIFFERENT!

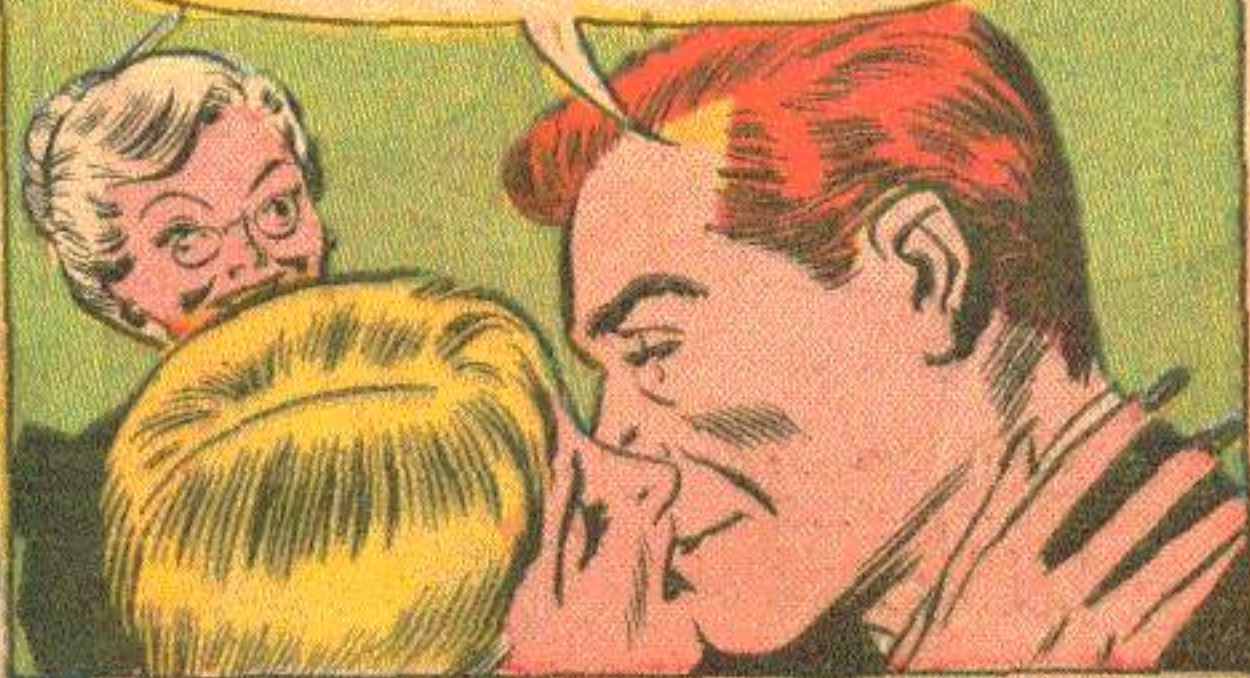
OH, MR. DANGER, THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU -- YOU'VE BEEN RECALLED TO ACTIVE SERVICE AS A CAPTAIN IN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

HUH? IF THE ARMY HAS TO CALL ME UP FROM THE RESERVES, THINGS MUST REALLY BE TOUGH!



WELL, UNCLE SAM COMES FIRST, BABY -- SO HERE'S YOUR DOWN-PAYMENT BACK! WHO KNOWS WHEN I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO KISS A DAME?

... FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN SLUGGING AND SHOOTING IT OUT WITH RACKETEERS AND MURDERERS, AND THOUGH BEING A PRIVATE EYE HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A JOB THAT HAS EVEN GREATER THRILLS AND RISKS! WELL, I'VE FINALLY FOUND IT -- THE MOST DANGEROUS BATTLE OF ALL -- AGAINST INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS AND WAR-CRAZY MURDERERS WHO WANT TO RULE THE WORLD!



I WOUND UP MY AFFAIRS IN A HURRY, WENT THROUGH THE ROUTINE OF BEING SWORN BACK INTO THE SERVICE --- AND THEN CAPTAIN DANNY DANGER REPORTED FOR DUTY AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS IN THE PENTAGON!



WE RECALLED YOU, CAPTAIN DANGER, BECAUSE WE'RE SHORT OF INTELLIGENCE MEN WHO CAN SPEAK CHINESE! SINCE YOU WERE AN OSS OPERATIVE IN CHINA DURING THE LAST WAR, WE NEED YOU---BADLY ENOUGH TO RUSH YOU RIGHT TO KOREA!

A CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHT, A LONG HOP OVER THE PACIFIC --- AND THEN, THE BLOOD-STAINED BATTLEFIELDS OF KOREA WHERE MEN WERE DYING IN DEFENSE OF FREEDOM!



I SURE HOPE THEY DON'T GIVE ME A CHAIRBORNE JOB --- AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I WANT ACTION!

LATER --

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD WASHINGTON SENT ME ONE OF THE WORLD'S TOP DETECTIVES, CAPTAIN --- BECAUSE I'M GOING TO ASSIGN YOU TO A MYSTERY THAT'LL MAKE ALL YOUR PREVIOUS CASES LOOK LIKE MERE CHILD'S PLAY!



I'M RARING TO GO, GENERAL! WHAT'S THE SITUATION?

WE'VE DESTROYED EVERY ENEMY AIRFIELD THIS SIDE OF THE YALU RIVER --- BUT STILL THE RED JETS COME UP IN CLUSTERS TO BOMB AND STRAFE OUR POSITIONS! WE KNOW THEIR JETS AREN'T COMING DOWN FROM MANCHURIA, SO THEY MUST BE USING A **SECRET AIRBASE NEAR THE FRONT LINES!** YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN DANGER, IS TO **LOCATE** THAT AIRFIELD SO WE CAN WIPE IT OUT!

HMM --- ANY LEADS AT ALL, GENERAL?



WELL, WE DON'T KNOW IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION, BUT THERE'S A COMMUNIST-HELD HILL NOT FAR FROM THE FRONT WHICH THE REDS HAVE RINGED WITH MASSIVE ARTILLERY, TANK AND INFANTRY FORCES! NOTHING SHORT OF A FULL ARMY ASSAULT COULD THROW THEM OFF! BUT SINCE THE HILL ISN'T IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO WARRANT SUCH A DEFENSE --- THERE MUST BE **ANOTHER** REASON WHY THE REDS CONSIDER IT SO VITAL!

IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO--- I'M ON MY WAY!



JUST AS I GOT TO THE FRONT LINES...

THOSE ARE **RED JETS!**-- TAKE COVER, CAPTAIN!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT THE GENERAL MEANT!



IN A SCREAMING DIVE, THE REDS BEGAN STRAFING ONE OF OUR OUTPOSTS, DRIVING THE GI'S AWAY FROM THEIR GUNS! AND UNDER COVER OF THE ATTACK, RED TROOPS POURED OUT OF THEIR FOX-HOLES!



RAT-TAT-TAT!

AS THE REDS SWARMED OVER THE OUTPOST, THEIR PLANES PULLED AWAY TO STRAFE THE OTHER GI'S COMING TO THE OUTPOST'S AID!

SURRENDER... OR DIE!

YOU—YOU DON'T GIVE US MUCH CHOICE, RATS!



SUDDENLY, AMERICAN SABREJETS APPEARED, AND THE RED MIGS TURNED TAIL AND STREAKED AWAY—BUT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR US TO RESCUE THE DOGFACES WHO'D BEEN CAPTURED!

WELL, THEY GOT SOME OF OUR GUYS... BUT AT LEAST WE WIPED OUT THEIR REAR GUARD!



LATER, WHEN I SPOKE WITH THE AREA COMMANDER --

THE REDS HAVE BEEN MAKING RAIDS LIKE THAT OFTEN IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS! AS SOON AS THEY CAPTURE SOME PRISONERS, THEY BEAT IT BACK TO THEIR LINES!

HMM, THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO! I'LL LEAD A PATROL OF PICKED MEN INTO THE RED LINES TONIGHT! WE'LL DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS WE CAN -- AND THEN SURRENDER!



MY PLANS WERE OKAYED BY HIGHER ECHELONS... AND LATE THAT CLOUDY, MOONLESS NIGHT...

THAT'S IT, BOYS... LET 'EM HAVE IT!



RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE, WE CUT A DEADLY SWATH THROUGH THE RED RANKS -- AND HAD A ROMAN FESTIVAL BEHIND THEIR LINES!

THERE -- THAT'S ONE AMMUNITION DUMP THAT WON'T BE USED AGAINST US!

HERE COMES A WHOLE REGIMENT OF REDS, CAPTAIN -- WE'RE SURROUNDED!



BOOM!

WE HAD NO CHOICE, OF COURSE, BUT TO SURRENDER -- ACCORDING TO MY PLAN!

AMERICAN PIGS! EARLIER IN THE WAR WE SHOT PRISONERS LIKE YOU, BUT NOW WE HAVE OTHER WAYS TO KILL YOU OFF -- BY WORKING YOU TO DEATH! TAKE THEM TO THE AIRBASE!

AIRBASE! MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



LATER, AT A HEAVILY FORTIFIED WOODS AT THE BASE OF A HILL --

THIS MUST BE THE HILL THE GENERAL MENTIONED -- BUT WHY IS THAT CAMOUFLAGED RADAR TRANSMITTER HERE?

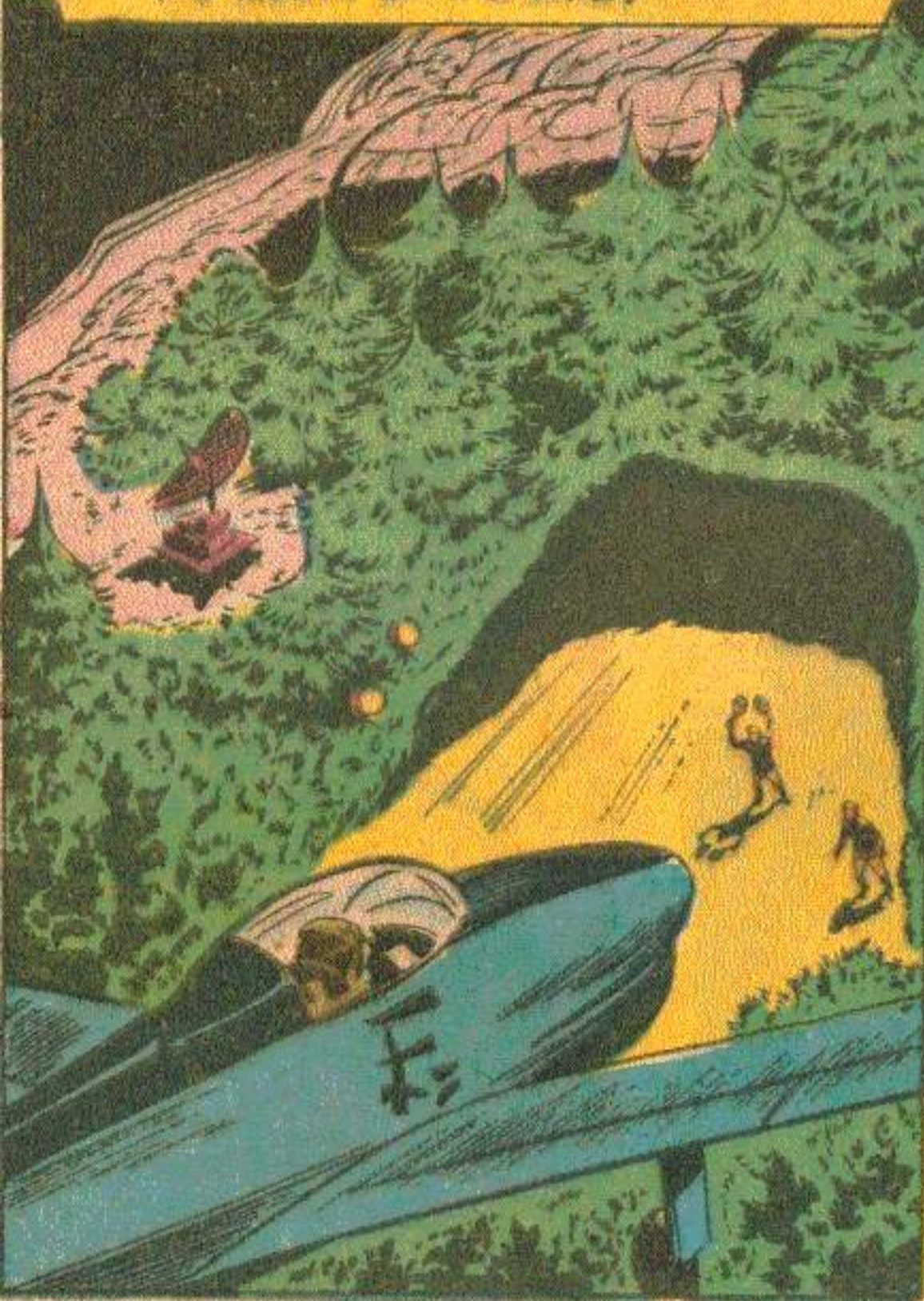


SOON AFTERWARD, AS THE DRONE OF APPROACHING JET AIRCRAFT FILLED THE SKIES, I SAW U.N. PRISONERS STRIP AWAY AN ENORMOUS CAMOUFLAGED NET FROM THE SIDE OF THE HILL -- REVEALING A HUGE CAVE!

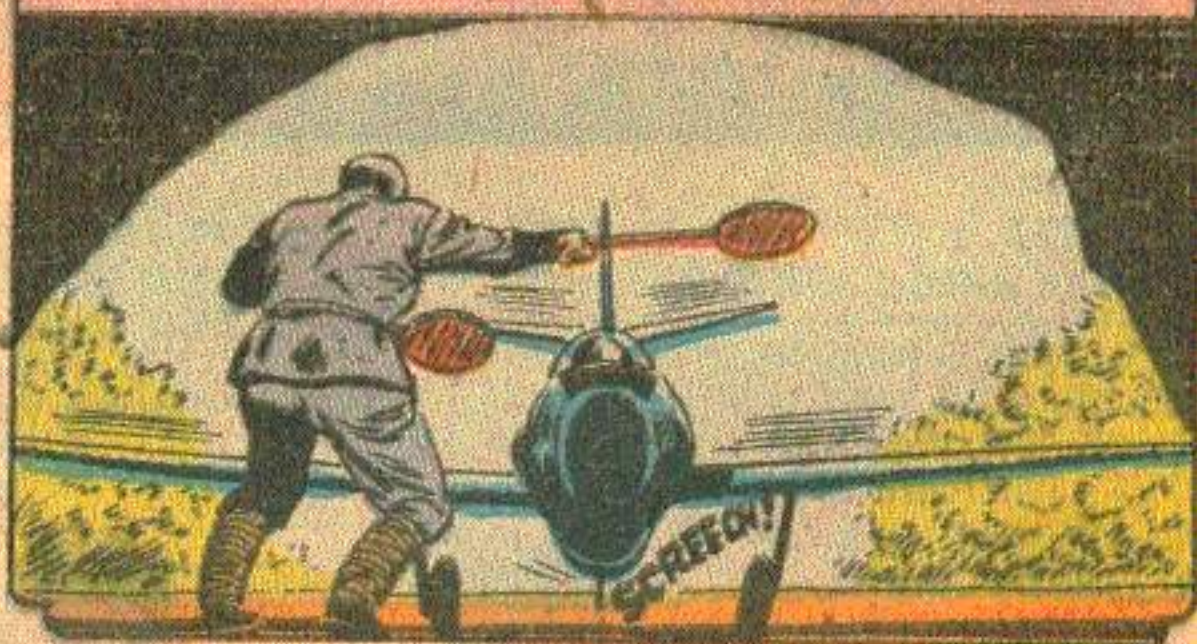
HURRY, DOGS -- OR OUR BULLETS WILL MAKE YOU HURRY!



THEN, AS A MIG PEELED OFF AND HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE UNCOVERED CAVE, I GRASPED THE ENTIRE SCHEME! CODED RADIO MESSAGES INFORMED THE REDS WHEN THERE WERE NO U.N. PLANES AROUND TO OBSERVE, AND THEN THE RED PLANES WERE GUIDED DOWN BY RADAR GROUND-CONTROL -- RIGHT INTO THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE!



FOR A MOMENT, I WONDERED HOW THE MIG WAS GOING TO LAND, FOR SURELY THE CAVE COULDN'T BE LONG ENOUGH! BUT THEN I GRASPED THE FULL EXTENT OF THE REDS' CUNNING -- AS I SAW THE MIG CAUGHT UP SHORT BY THE SAME SYSTEM THAT IS USED TO BRAKE PLANES ON AIRCRAFT CARRIERS!



WHEN ALL THE MIGS HAD LANDED --

AND NOW THE ENTRANCE IS BEING CAMOUFLAGED AGAIN SO THAT U.N. OBSERVATION PLANES CAN'T DETECT THE EXISTENCE OF THE CAVE!

MOVE, YANKEE SWINE -- INSIDE CAVE!



INSIDE THE VAST CAVE...

THERE'S A CATAPULT—THE SAME TYPE THAT'S USED TO LAUNCH PLANES FROM SHIPS! THIS WHOLE CAVE IS JUST AN UNSINKABLE AIRCRAFT CARRIER!



AT THE REAR OF THE CAVE...

TAKE CHOP-CHOPS—MAKE CAVE BIGGER! WORK LIKE OTHERS—OR DIE!

NOW I SEE WHY THE REDS KEEP MAKING RAIDS TO SECURE PRISONERS—THEY NEED FORCED LABOR TO ENLARGE THE CAVE, TO MAKE IT AN EVEN GREATER AIRBASE!



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, PAL?

NOT LONG—NO ONE WORKS HERE LONG—BECAUSE THOSE BLASTED REDS WORK US TO DEATH! WHENEVER ANYONE BECOMES TOO EXHAUSTED TO WIELD A PICK, HE'S TAKEN OUT—AND NEVER SEEN AGAIN!



THE BUZZARD! I'LL PAY HIM BACK FOR THAT—DOUBLE!

WORK! NO TALK!

NEVER WORKED SO HARD IN ALL MY LIFE AS IN THE FOUR HOURS THAT FOLLOWED! THEN, DURING THE FIVE-MINUTE REST PERIOD, I REVEALED MY PLAN TO MY PICKED MEN—PICKED BECAUSE THEY WERE FAMILIAR WITH THE DEAF-AND-DUMB LANGUAGE! SUDDENLY...

SWINE... I WATCH YOU MAKE FINGER TALK!



NOW I MAKE FOOT TALK!

OOF!



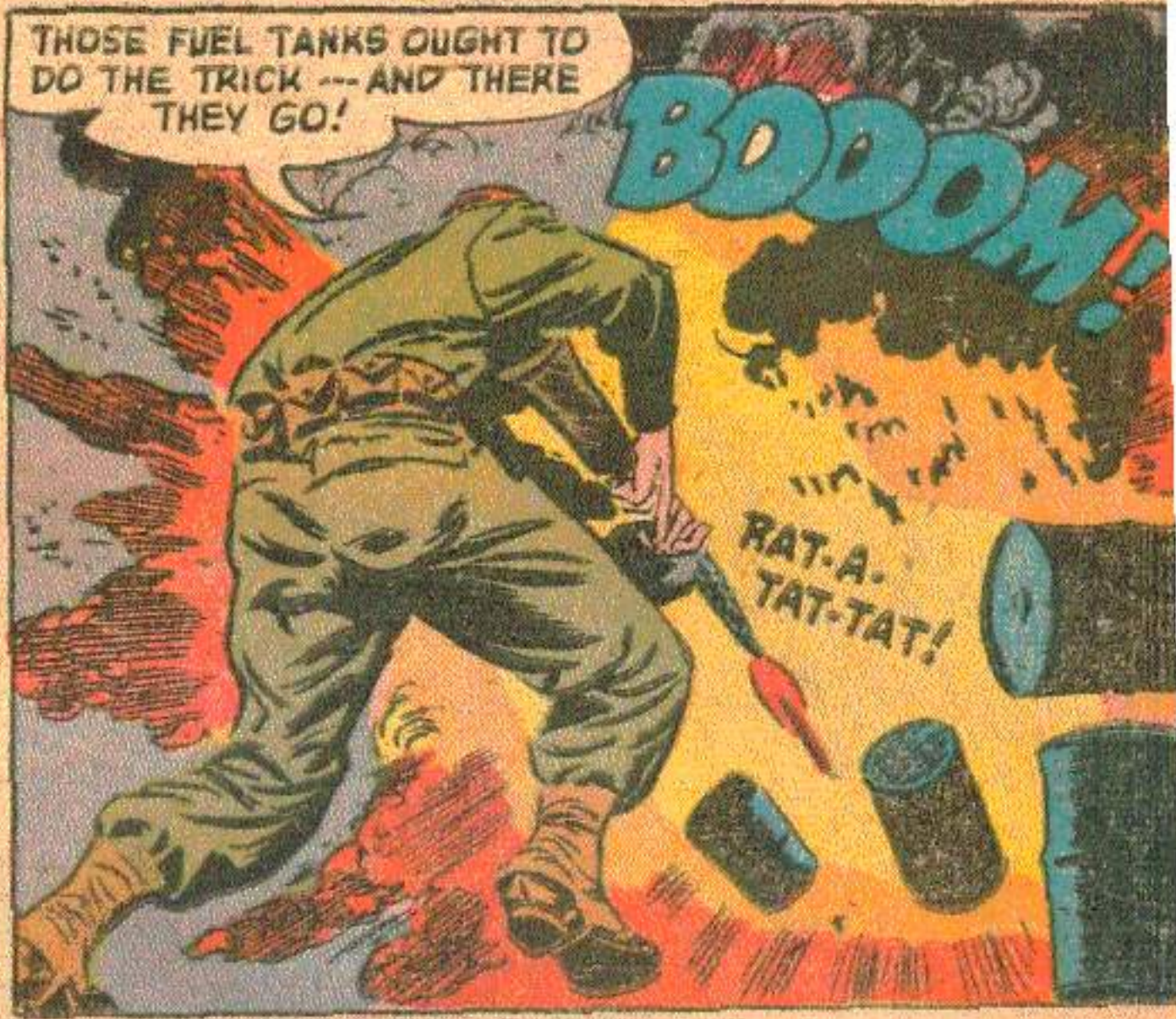
YOUR TALKING DAYS ARE OVER, COMRADE! JUMP HIM, BOYS!

AIIII!



THAT'S IT, BOYS! NOW START STRIPPING HIS UNIFORM OFF WHILE I CREAT A LITTLE DIVERSION!

YAAAGH!



THOSE FUEL TANKS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK --- AND THERE THEY GO!

BOOOOM!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT!

The BURNING FUEL SPILLED ACROSS THE ENTIRE WIDTH OF THE CAVE, SCREENING OUR ACTIVITIES FROM THE REDS IN FRONT!

HERE'S THE GUARD'S UNIFORM, CAPTAIN --- HE WON'T EVER NEED IT AGAIN!

GODD! COVER HIS BODY WITH SOME OF THOSE ROCKS WE CHOPPED OUT OF THE CAVE WALLS --- WHILE I DO A QUICK CHANGE!

SECONDS LATER --

LUCKY I CAME PREPARED --- THAT BOTTLE OF YELLOW DYE I HAD TAPED UNDER MY ARM SURE COMES IN HANDY!

HURRY, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE GETTING THAT FIRE UNDER CONTROL --- THEY'LL BE ABLE TO SEE US SOON!

BY THE TIME THE FIRE WAS DOUSED, I WAS READY! MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE HELPED! AS OTHER GUARDS RUSHED UP...

THESE AMERICAN SWINE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT FIRE! GET THEM OUT OF THE CAVE BEFORE THEY DO ANY MORE DAMAGE!

YES, BRING THEM TO THE COMMANDER OUTSIDE --- HE WILL THINK OF A FIT PUNISHMENT FOR THEM!

OUTSIDE...

THE DOGS WILL PAY WITH THEIR LIVES FOR WHAT THEY DID! GUARDS --- TAKE THEM INTO THE WOODS AND MAKE THEM DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES --- BEFORE SHOOTING THEM!



OUT IN THE WOODS...

DIG YOUR GRAVES, PIGS—UNLESS YOU WANT THE VULTURES TO PICK YOUR BONES CLEAN!

WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SWING INTO ACTION!



YOU COMMIES LIKE SHOOTING PEOPLE IN THE BACK--- BUT LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT ON THE RECEIVING END!

AARGHH!



THEN THE G'S SWUNG INTO ACTION ON THE OTHER GUARDS-- SWINGING THEIR PICKS AND SHOVELS!

AGH!

BLAM!



NICE WORK, GUYS! NOW PUT ON THOSE RED UNIFORMS-- AND WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



I LED THE WAY-- RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART OF THE COMMUNIST FRONT LINES, HOPING THAT IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS OF EARLY DAWN, NO ONE WOULD NOTICE THE COMPLEXIONS OF THE MEN! BUT BEFORE WE GOT THROUGH...

HOLA... WHITE SKINS! AMERICANS!

THE MASQUERADE'S OVER, GANG--- WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT FROM HERE!



IT WAS QUITE A SHOW! AS FAST AS THEY POKED THEIR HEADS UP, WE BLASTED THEIR HEADS OFF!

YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER, BUZZARDS... WE'RE SENDING YOU BACK TO YOUR ANCESTORS!

YAAGHH!

RATTAT TAT TAT!



WHEN WE FINALLY FOUGHT OUR WAY CLEAR, WE RACED TOWARD OUR OWN LINES --- BUT I KNEW THE COMMUNIST UNIFORMS WE WORE WOULD DRAW FIRE FROM OUR OWN MEN UNLESS I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING --- FAST!

THEY'RE COMMUNISTS --- LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NO-- WAIT! ONE OF THEM HAS RED HAIR, AND THE COMMIES ARE RED IN NAME ONLY! IT MUST BE CAPTAIN DANGER!



YUP, MY CARROT-TOP SAVED OUR LIVES --- BUT MY JOB WASN'T OVER YET!

THERE'S THE LOCATION OF THE CAVE, GENERAL! WE CAN PINPOINT THE SPOT FOR ARTILLERY AND BOMBERS, AND BLAST IT WIDE OPEN!

I'LL ORDER OUR SUPERFORTS AND BIG GUNS INTO ACTION AT ONCE!



WE THREW EVERYTHING WE HAD AT THAT HILLSIDE CAVE --- AND THE TERRIFIC CONCENTRATION OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS AND BOMBS PROVED DISASTROUS FOR THE REDS!



WHEN THE WALLS OF THE CAVE COLLAPSED, THE RED DEFENDERS WERE THROWN INTO CONFUSION --- AND THAT'S WHEN WE CHARGED TO HURL THEIR DISORGANIZED REMNANTS RIGHT OFF THE HILL!



YAHOO! LOOK AT 'EM RUN!



FLEE --- BEFORE THE AMERICAN DEVIL SLAYS US ALL!



AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER...

THAT WAS A TERRIFIC JOB, DANGER! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A BATTLER LIKE YOU, SO YOU'D BETTER HAVE THAT NASTY HEAD GASH TAKEN CARE OF IMMEDIATELY! THAT'S AN ORDER!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, SIR --- BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF HAVING SOME OLD BATTLE-AXE OF A NURSE WORKING ME OVER!



HOWEVER...

STOP FIDGETING, CAPTAIN --- I'M ALMOST THROUGH!

YOU MAY BE THROUGH WITH MY HEAD, BUT HOW ABOUT MY HEART? THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN CURE THESE PALPITATIONS...



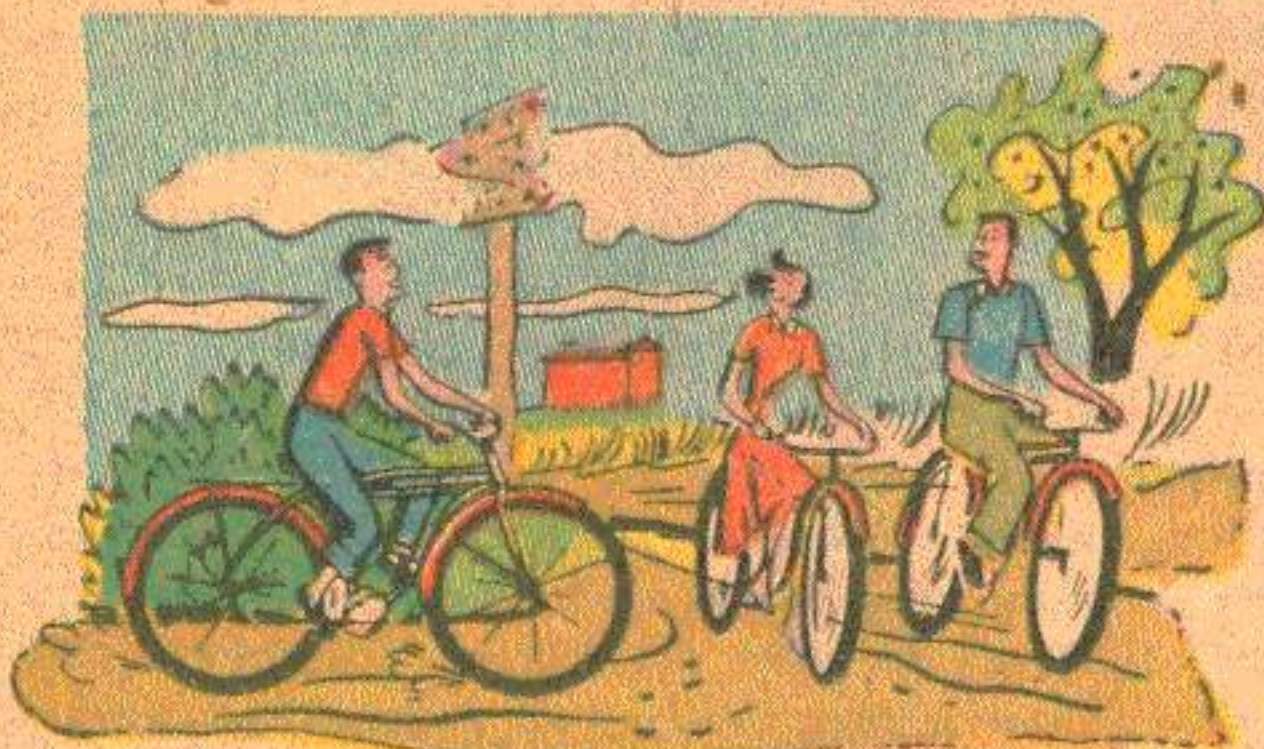
---THIS!



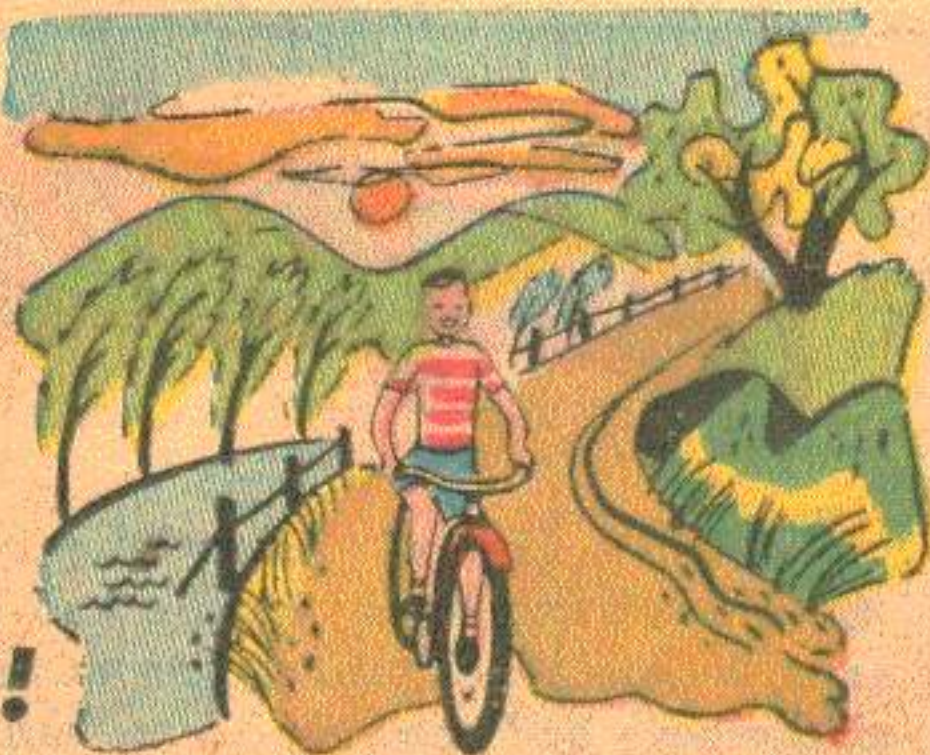
YUP, LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, BEING A SOLDIER HAS ITS COMPENSATION --- IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BE SEEING YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE, READER!

"CHAIN REACTION"

with U. S. Royal Chain Tires!



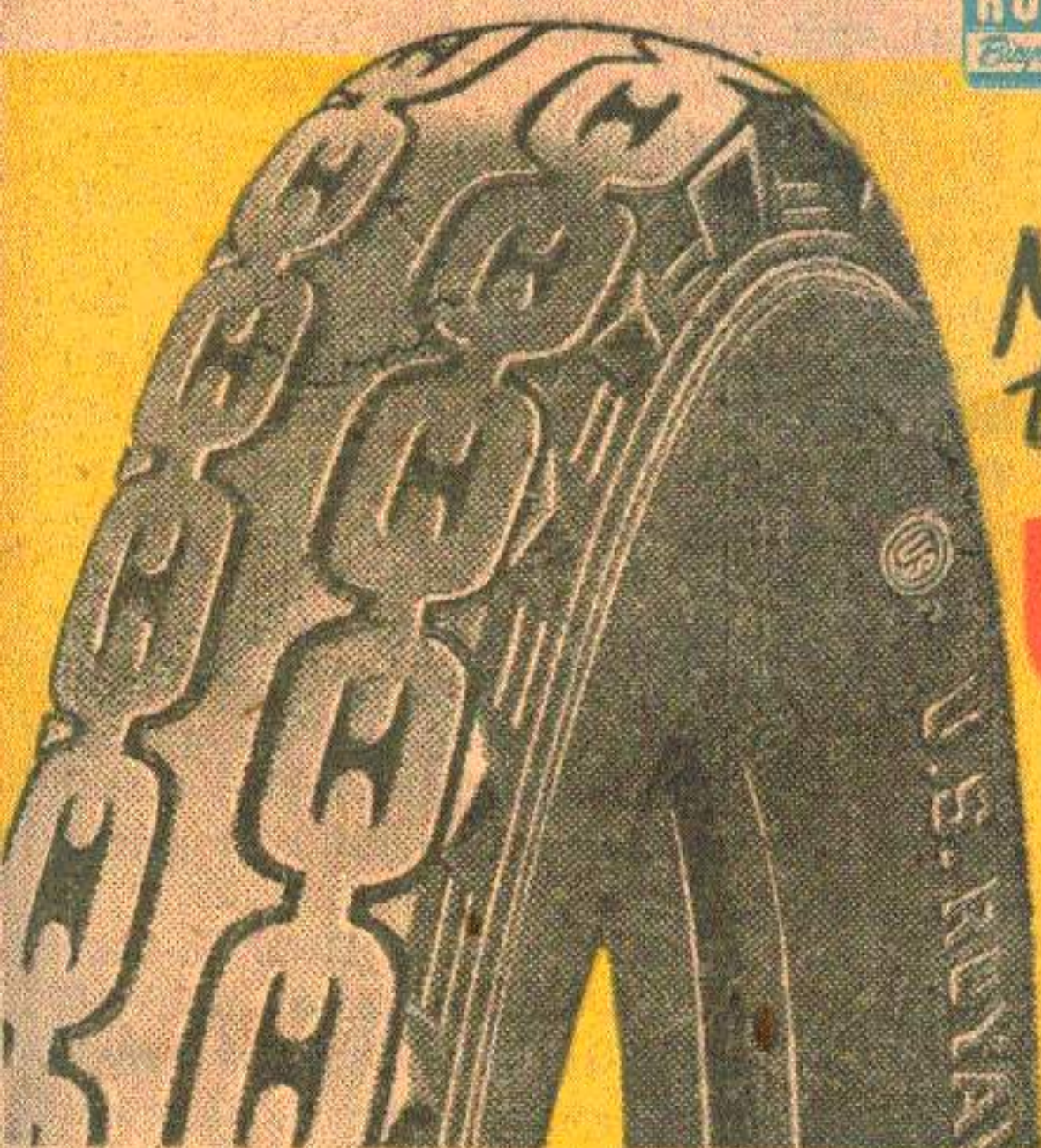
Touch the brake—feel those "built-in skid chains" really grip... stop you on a dime!



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Baptism of FIRE

JOHNNY HAD BEEN at the front for almost two days, and he had not yet seen the enemy. Coming over on the ship, all the boys had been confident, had kidded brashly about what would happen to the Reds when they had a chance to tangle with them, and so it had seemed to Johnny, until he had seen those first roaring crashes of artillery exploding like enormous red firecrackers in the distance. He had the uncomfortable feeling that only he along the whole front was afraid, afraid that when the fighting rolled his way that he would bolt and run, and be disgraced forever.

"But why should I be scared?" he asked himself. "I've had good training, and I'm the best bazooka man in the regiment!" Johnny was not idly boasting. Back at Fort Benning he had fired exhibitions for other troops. He had been able to hit a handkerchief at one hundred yards. Obviously, he would have no trouble hitting one of those huge Russian tanks from up close...if he was careful to take precise aim and keep his hands from trembling. "Oh, why doesn't something happen!"

"Tanks! Left flank!" The shout raced down the line of foxholes at incredible speed. Long before he could see the iron monster rolling out of the darkness, Johnny could hear the rumbling, sputtering machines bouncing towards him. The next forty seconds were a nightmare of machine-gun fire and whistling shells and the acrid smell of gunpowder. "It's come," raced through his mind. "The training, the waiting...it's all for this minute!"

There was a whoosh of flares overhead, a sudden popping, and then the whole field was lit up by red and blue and green candles of fire...like something out of a wild Hallowe'en celebration. And then it was there...bouncing towards him...sixty tons of steel and fire...the heavy Stalin tank! The foxholes on his left crumbling under the immense weight, in a matter of seconds, it would be on him. "But I've got to get it first...before it gets me!" His bazooka was loaded, he had a clear shot, and then, "No!

I can't stop it from the front!" exploded in his young brain. "It's got 12 inches of steel plating...I'll have to put my shot in the side!"

He leaped out of his foxhole, tracers flying all around him. He felt something thud into his shoulder as he crawled desperately to make his shot clean. "I'll only have one chance," he thought. "The bazooka flash will give my position away. I either knock them out...or I'm dead!" The tank was no more than 20 yards away. Another flare exploded overhead, drenching the tank in blood red light. His finger touched the trigger. Silence. And then a roar. The tank heaved, smoked...stopped. An instant later the turret flew open and men in enemy uniforms began scrambling out. Suddenly Johnny felt an intense stab of pain in his left shoulder. When he drew his right hand away it was sticky with blood. And then to his horror he heard the tank sputter again, jerk forward violently, and begin to move!

"Darn it!" he thought. "I didn't hit a vital spot after all!" And there it was, sixty tons of death rumbling towards his buddies. Quickly, Johnny got to his feet, yanked a hand grenade from his belt, pulled the pin with his teeth, holding the plunger tight...and began racing after the machine. He felt three somethings punch him violently as he leaped for the open turret. He had only enough strength to drop the grenade into the tank before collapsing.

When he regained consciousness in the Battalion Aid station, he felt very stiff and empty. "What a kid!" he heard the colonel say. "Stopped a Stalin tank single-handed! Broke up that Red attack all by himself! How is he, Doc?"

"He's hurt, but not bad. He'll be back in the lines in a couple of weeks."

Johnny smiled inwardly. So he hadn't let his buddies or himself down, after all. Everything was going to be all right. He knew he would never be afraid again.

OPERATION FEAR



I'M **SERGEANT JOE KIRBY**-- AND I'M HERE TO TEACH YOU NEW RECRUITS THINGS THAT'LL SAVE YOUR LIFE IN COMBAT! DON'T THINK YOU WON'T BE SCARED THE FIRST TIME YOU'RE SENT INTO ACTION-- BECAUSE YOU **WILL** BE, UNLESS YOU'RE TOO DUMB! BUT SOMETIMES BEING A LITTLE AFRAID CAN MAKE YOU BRAVER THAN YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU COULD BE! FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE TIME I WAS OUT ON GUADALCANAL SOME TEN YEARS AGO...



I WAS JUST A RAW PFC THEN... THIS WAS MY FIRST TASTE OF REAL ACTION... AND I WAS PLENTY NERVOUS!

BLAST THOSE NIPS! WHERE ARE THEY-- WHEN IN BLAZES ARE THEY GONNA **ATTACK**?

HAW! YOU'RE **SCARED**!

**YANK--
YOU DIE,
YANK!**



I WAS SCARED-- BUT I COULDN'T BACK OUT THEN! IF I DIDN'T GO THROUGH WITH THAT FOOLHARDY BET, I KNEW I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO LIVE IT DOWN!

I... I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL WAIT TILL THE MOON RISES, SO I CAN SEE WHERE I'M GOIN'--- AND THEN I'M GOIN' OUT THERE JUST WITH MY **TRENCH KNIFE**!

OKAY--
I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE SNOOZE TILL YOU'RE READY TO GO! BUT I **STILL** DON'T BELIEVE YOU'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT!



I WAS SHARING A FOXHOLE WITH MY TOUGH PLATOON SERGEANT--AND HIS MOCKING WORDS MADE ME SEE RED, SAY THINGS I DIDN'T MEAN...

SCARED, AM I? I BET I COULD GO RIGHT OUT THERE **WITHOUT** A GUN AND BRING A LIVE NIP BACK HERE!

YOU GOT YOURSELF A BET, SOLDIER-- MY MONTH'S PAY AGAINST YOURS! BUT YOU'LL BACK OUT-- 'CAUSE YOU'RE **YELLA**!



I KEPT MY EYES GLUED FOR ANY SIGN OF NIP ACTIVITY OUT IN THE BRUSH, BECAUSE I HAD TO BE ON GUARD WHILE THE SERGEANT SLEPT! BUT AS SOON AS I HEARD HIS SNORES, I STEALTHILY PICKED UP THE .45 PISTOL THE SARGE HAD ON THE GROUND, AND STUCK IT INSIDE MY SHIRT!

I'LL TAKE ALONG THIS GUN ANYWAY! THAT WAY, I'LL KNOW I'VE GOT IT IN CASE I **HAF**TA USE IT!



WAKE UP! THE MOON'S OUT-- AND I'M GOING OUT THERE!

YEAH? YOU'LL PROBABLY GO OUT A FEW YARDS AND SHIVER IN THE DARK-- YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK WITH A LIVE NIP!



I'LL SHOW HIM! I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO USE THE GUN, BECAUSE IT WOULD GIVE MY POSITION AWAY TO THE NIPS-- BUT IT'S GOOD TO KNOW I'VE GOT IT!



I KEPT TO THE BUSHES UNTIL I HEARD THE NIPS CALLING OUT THEIR TAUNTS TO OUR MEN-- AND USING THEIR VOICES AS A GUIDE, I STOLE UP BEHIND A NIP ADVANCE FOXHOLE!

YOU DIE, JOE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



I WATCHED THEM FOR A WHILE, NOTICING THAT THEY TOOK TURNS IN SHOUTING OUT! THEN, GETTING CAUTIOUSLY TO MY KNEES, I HURLED MY TRENCH KNIFE, HOPING THAT THE SHOUTING JAP WOULDN'T HEAR HIS TRENCH-MATE'S DYING GASP!

JOE.. YOU DIE!



THEN, JUST AS THE SECOND NIP TURNED AT THE SOUND OF HIS HITTING THE GROUND, I HIT HIM!



THERE-- THIS MARINE RABBIT PUNCH OUGHT TO MAKE A TAME RABBIT OUT OF YOU TILL I GET YOU BACK TO MY LINES!

CRACK!



FUNNY-- I'D HAVE BEEN SCARED STIFF IF I'D HAVE GONE OUT WITHOUT A GUN -- AND YET I DIDN'T EVEN USE IT!





JET COMBAT

AS HIS SABREJET roared through the Korean skies, Ted Rogers could not focus his mind clearly on the task ahead: destroying enemy Migs! He could think of nothing but the death the day before of his friend, Captain John Simms.

Everybody in America knew of Johnny Simms' exploits. Hadn't he accounted for nine kills in the three months he'd been in combat? Hadn't his smiling face graced the covers of national magazines from coast to coast? And yesterday, Johnny had given up his life to save Ted's, a pilot who hadn't yet scored a kill, though he'd been flying combat missions for eleven months. Ted was a terrific pilot, everybody said so, but deep in his heart he had long wondered whether he wasn't too cautious. Johnny Simms had been different. He could wheel his jet into the thick of battle, exposing his flanks, fearing nothing, and by sheer dash and surprise could totally disorganize enemy formations.

But Ted's flying principles were saner. He handled his jet according to the book, kept precise formation, made sure he gave his buddies protection, and was in turn protected. But the day before, despite all precautions, his plane had been hit, and while he fought to regain control, two Migs had swooped on his rear. It would have been all over for him...if Johnny hadn't come to the rescue, with as beautiful a bit of daredevil flying as anyone had ever seen. But a moment later, after two more kills, Johnny had himself gone down in flames, caught in the crossfire of the enemy planes he had neglected. Ted had limped home, to spend an anguished night, blaming himself for his buddy's death, and wondering if he would have equal courage in a similar situation.

The wing commander on Ted's right suddenly dipped his wings: "Three o'clock! Migs!"

"Here we go again!" thought Ted, as the opposing jet formations rocketed at each other head on, before fanning out. The terrific flying speeds made careful shooting impossible, but as he dived on an

enemy plane, Ted had a sudden sense of elation, a feeling of pure joy, knowing that he had a clean shot. He squeezed the trigger, unleashing a stream of slugs...over one thousand a minute!

"My first kill!" he shouted in exultation an instant later. "That one was for you, Johnny...and now I'm going to get one for myself!" As jets dove and banked and whooshed all around him, suddenly, on his flank, Ted saw that young Lt. Collins was in trouble. A Mig was riding his tail, and Collins was too inexperienced to shake loose. Without thinking about the Red plane coming up behind, Ted swerved sharply, perfectly, and got his shots away with marvellous accuracy. The enemy ship took the hail of .50 calibers on its left wing, trembled for an instant, then ripped apart in mid-air with a tremendous blast. A surge of elation welled up in Ted's throat. "My second kill!" he yelled. "Nothing's going to stop me now!"

There was a sudden vibration. He could feel the impact on his fuselage of the burst of fire from the plane he had taken his eyes from. He wasn't hurt himself, but his plane was badly crippled. Suddenly, a new formation of Migs roared out of the sun from the north, tipping the odds heavily. In a flash of resignation, Ted realized that he couldn't get his plane back safely to American lines. Shot up as it was, the Sabre could never outrun the Red pursuers. But he could save himself, hit the silk...parachute to safety. He watched his buddies peel off and regroup to meet the new assault.

He set his jaw firmly and gunned the turbojets. "Rogers!" the commander roared over the radio. "Get back in formation!"

"Sorry, colonel," he answered. "I can help you boys more this way!"

It was the last thing his buddies ever heard him say, for in the next moment he had shot straight into the cluster of onrushing Migs, ripping through the stunned enemy formation like a reaper in a cornfield, totally disorganizing the attack...before his valiant Sabrejet exploded.

The TIME TRAVELERS

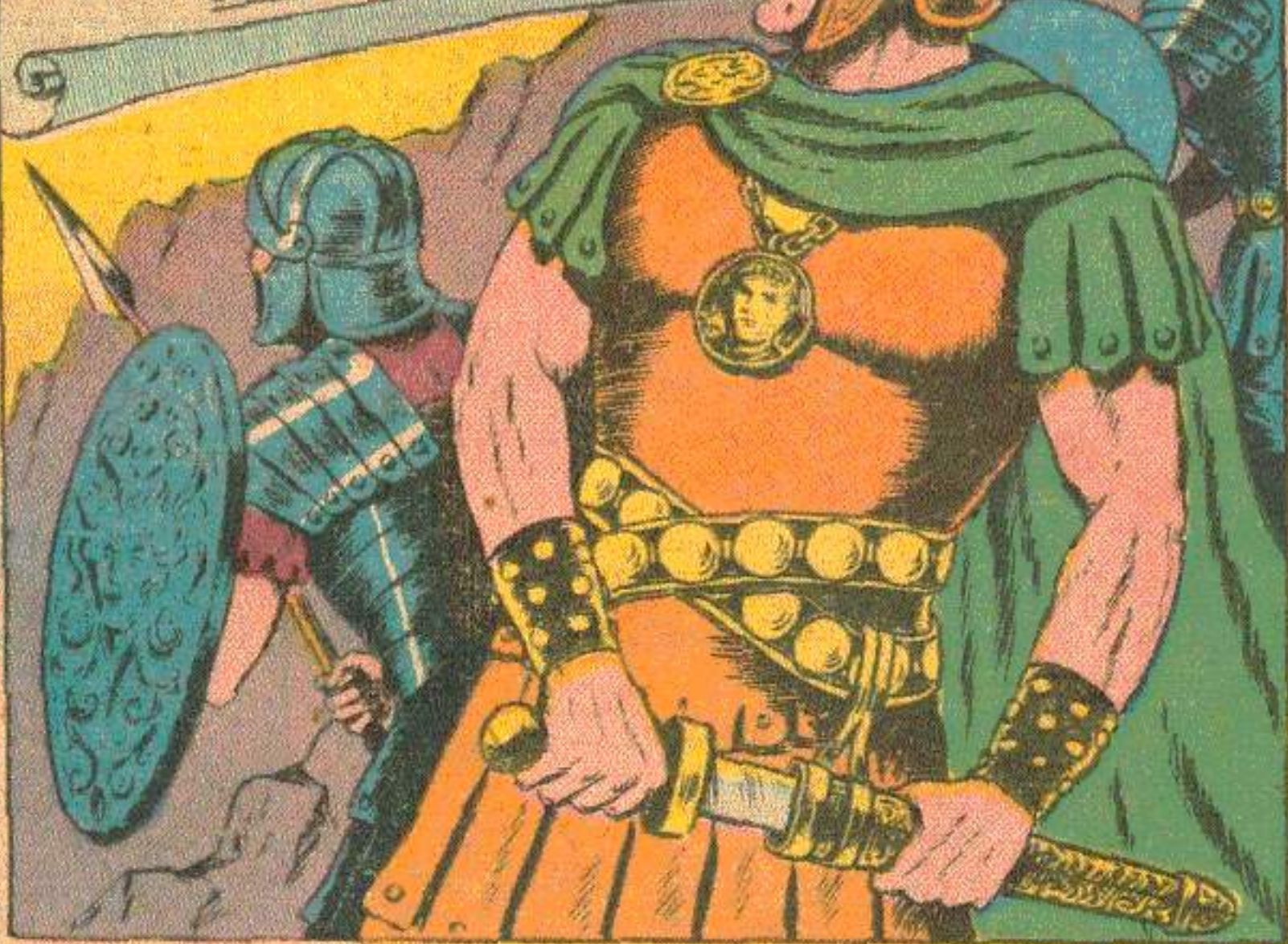
The Roman Sixth Legion was one of the greatest armies of all time -- never defeated in battle until it attempted the conquest of Britain! And yet at the height of its Martial Glory, the Sixth Legion was virtually wiped out -- without a single spear or arrow being raised against it! It's up to Dr. TOM REDFIELD to learn the reason -- when his spaceship takes him back to England as it was nineteen centuries ago -- during the reign of the warrior Queen, BOADICEA!

YOU'D BETTER SAVE THE DETAILS OF YOUR DISCOVERY UNTIL WE REACH ITALY, PROFESSOR! IT SOUNDS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO WARRANT OUR USING THE SPACE-SHIP -- YOU CAN EXPECT US IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!



AFTER ALL OUR VOYAGES ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, TOM -- IT'LL BE A NOVELTY TO TAKE THE SPACE-SHIP TO A PLACE AS CLOSE AS ITALY!

THE SPACESHIP'S TREMENDOUS SPEED USUALLY MAKES AN EARTH LANDING A TRICKY PROPOSITION, PEGGY! BUT PROF. BENTINI HAS BUILT A LARGE LAUNCHING SITE JUST OUTSIDE ROME FOR HIS ROCKET PROJECT -- AND THE LONG RUNWAY WILL BE A BIG HELP!



WITH A ROAR THAT ECHOES HUNDREDS OF MILES --

I'LL HOLD THE SPEED DOWN TO A MINIMUM 2,000 MILES PER HOUR -- TO MAKE SURE WE DON'T OVERSHOOT THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!



MINUTES LATER -- WITH THE TOWERS OF ROME BRISTLING IN THE DISTANCE --

THERE'S THE PROFESSOR, PEGGY -- WAITING FOR US!



SUDDENLY-- AS A CAR
SWERVES TOWARD THE
PROFESSOR--



AAGHH!

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO WAIT UNTIL
DR. REDFIELD BROUGHT HIS SPACE-
SHIP TO ITALY BEFORE KILLING
BENTINI! NOW WE'LL GET
BOTH THE SPACESHIP--
AND THE SECRET IN-
FORMATION IN BENTINI'S
FILES!



IT'S LANDING
SOONER THAN
WE EXPECTED!
QUICK-- GET
OFF THE
RUNWAY!

THEN-- WITH A SHATTERING
IMPACT--



A MOMENT LATER--

THOSE KILLERS GOT WHAT
THEY DESERVED, TOM! DO
YOU SUPPOSE THEY WANTED
TO KEEP PROF. BENTINI
FROM TALKING ABOUT
HIS DISCOVERY?

PROBABLY-- AND
I'M AFRAID
THEY'VE
SUCCEEDED!



AS THE LAST FLICKER OF LIFE FADES
FROM THE PROFESSOR'S EYES--

PROFESSOR-- THIS IS DR. REDFIELD! I DIDN'T
REALIZE YOU WERE UP AGAINST ANYTHING LIKE
THIS-- BUT TRY TO GIVE ME A CLUE!



BOADICEA...!

SOON AFTERWARD--

WHAT DID THE
PROFESSOR
MEAN, TOM?
WASN'T
BOADICEA
A QUEEN
OF THE
ANCIENT
BRITONS?

YEP-- AND SHE FOUGHT
OFF ROMAN INVADERS
ABOUT 1900 YEARS AGO! I
CAN'T SEE HOW THAT WOULD
INTEREST A PHYSICIST LIKE
BENTINI-- BUT MAYBE WE'LL
FIND SOME EXPLANATORY
NOTES IN HIS LABORATORY!



AT PROF. BENTINI'S LABORATORY--

COME
ACROSS
ANYTHING
ABOUT
BOADICEA?

PLENTY! IT ALL BEGAN WHEN AN ARCHEO-
LOGIST FRIEND UNCOVERED AN EARLY
ROMAN BURIAL GROUND NOT FAR FROM
HERE! THE BODIES WERE THOSE OF
SOLDIERS-- MEMBERS OF THE VERY
SIXTH LEGION THAT FOUGHT BOADICEA'S
ARMY DURING THE INVASION
OF BRITAIN!



I DON'T UNDER-
STAND IT, TOM!
IT'S OBVIOUS THE
SOLDIERS RETURNED
SAFELY TO ROME--
AND YET IF THEY
WERE ALL **BURIED**
TOGETHER--
THEY MUST
HAVE ALL DIED
AT ABOUT THE
SAME TIME!

STRANGELY ENOUGH--**THEY**
DID! THE SIXTH LEGION'S
MAIN CAMP WAS SOME-
WHERE IN THE SOUTH
OF ENGLAND-- AND THE
TROOPS WERE QUARTERED
THERE FOR TWO YEARS
BEFORE THE SURVIVING
VETERANS WERE RECALLED
TO ROME! A FEW MONTHS
LATER-- **PRACTICALLY**
EVERY SOLDIER IN THE
SIXTH LEGION WAS STRICKEN
BY A STRANGE MALADY!

RECORDS SHOW THEY
LINGERED MISERABLY
FOR SEVERAL WEEKS--
AND THEN DIED! THE
ROMANS WERE CERTAIN
THEY HAD BEEN CURSED
BY A BRITISH WIZARD
NAMED **ICENO** WHOSE
MAGIC WAS SO POWERFUL
THAT HE SURVIVED A ROMAN
ARROW THAT PIERCED HIS
HEART DURING THE INVASION!
BUT PROF. BENTINI'S FRIEND
LEARNED THE **REAL**
FACTS WHEN HE EXAMINED
THE SOLDIERS' BONES!

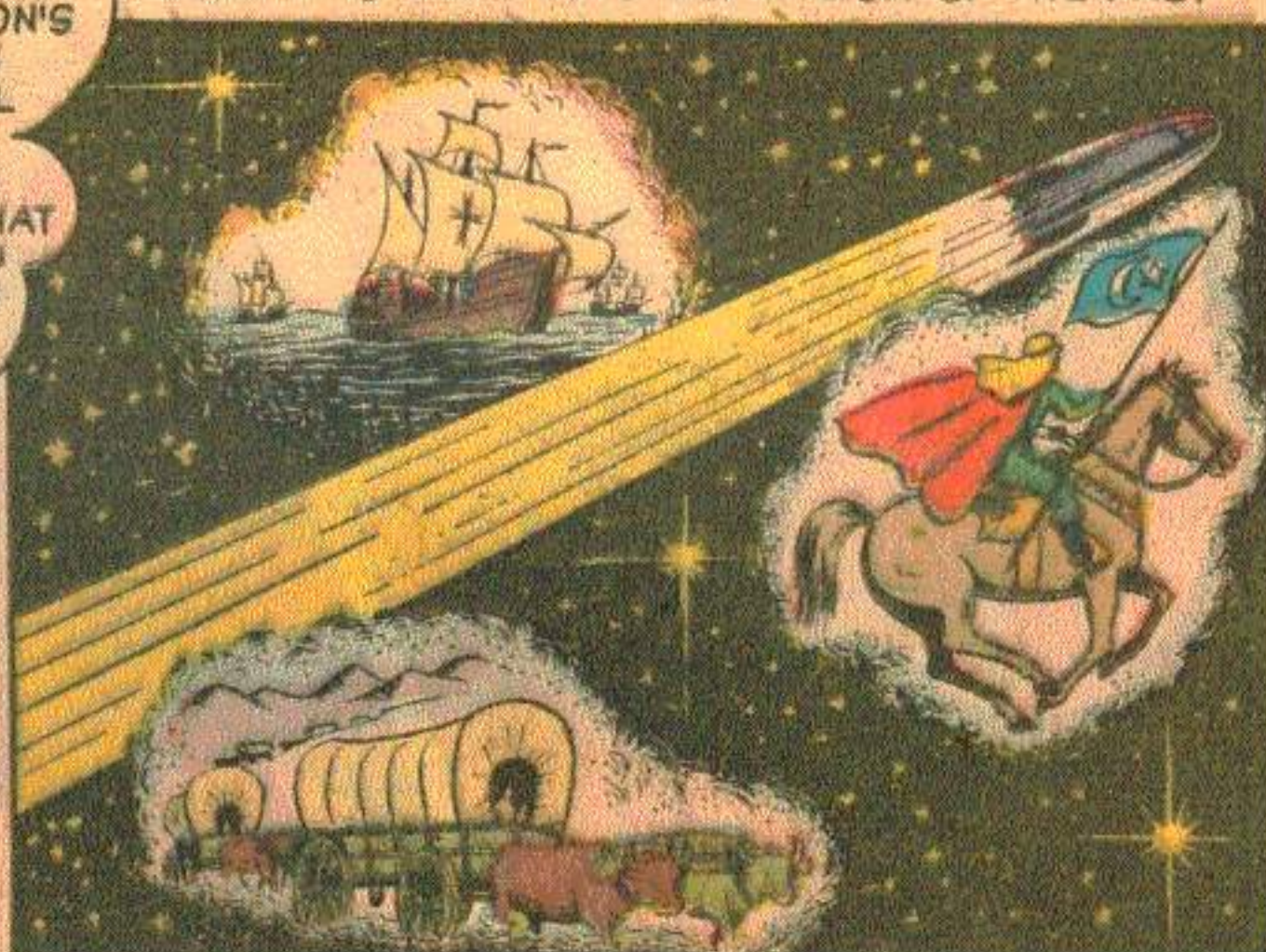
AFTER NINETEEN CENTURIES, THE
SKELETONS WERE STILL STRONGLY
RADIOACTIVE-- PROVING THAT
THE ROMAN CAMP HAD BEEN
ESTABLISHED DIRECTLY ABOVE
A URANIUM DEPOSIT-- LARGE
ENOUGH TO EMIT
DEADLY RAYS!



THE STORY
SOUNDS
PLAUSIBLE,
TOM-- BUT
IT DOESN'T
JIBE WITH
THE FACT
THAT THERE
AREN'T
ANY LARGE
URANIUM
DEPOSITS
IN ENGLAND!

WHAT'S MORE-- HISTORIANS HAVE
NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TRACE THE
LOCATION OF THE SIXTH LEGION'S
CAMP! BUT THOSE SOLDIERS
WERE EXPOSED TO POWERFUL
ATOMIC RAYS, PEGGY-- AND
GETTING THE FACTS MEANS
FOLLOWING THROUGH WITH WHAT
THOSE SPIES PROBABLY HAD
IN MIND-- **A TIME VOYAGE**
BACK TO THE ENGLAND
OF QUEEN BOADICEA!

SOON AFTERWARD-- AT A SPEED THAT CARRIES
THEM INTO THE MISTY DIMENSION OF THE PAST--



THEN-- SLOWED DOWN BY THE AUTOMATIC TIME CONTROL --



GOOD
HEAVENS,
TOM--
ARE
THOSE
TENTS?

YEP! WE'VE REACHED
THE ENGLAND THAT
EXISTED NINETEEN
CENTURIES AGO, HONEY
-- AND THAT'S THE VERY
PLACE I'M LOOKING
FOR-- **THE CAMP OF THE**
ROMAN SIXTH LEGION!



SOON AFTERWARD-- WITH THE SPACESHIP HIDDEN IN A LONELY VALLEY--

DO YOU SUPPOSE WE SHOULD TAKE A QUIET LOOK AROUND THE ROMAN CAMP, TOM?

WE CAN TRY-- BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE CAUTIOUSLY! WITH OPEN WARFARE RAGING ALL AROUND US-- WE STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF BEING CAUGHT SQUARELY IN THE MIDDLE!



SUDDENLY--

GOOD HEAVENS!

AAGHHH!



TOM-- THAT ROMAN SOLDIER'S REACHING FOR ANOTHER ARROW!

KEEP BACK! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M BEING FORCED TO TAKE SIDES IN THIS HASSLE!

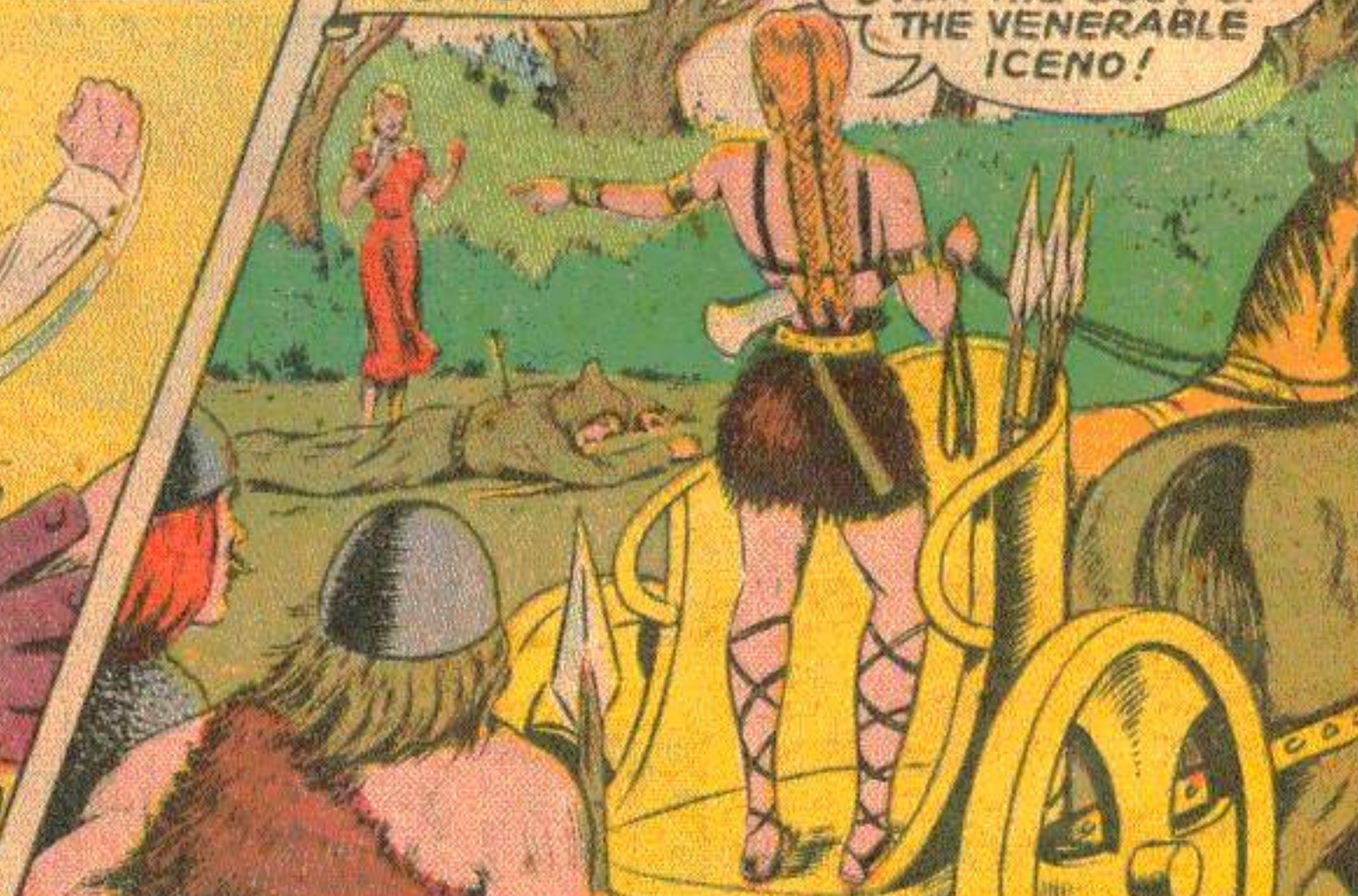


SHOOTING FROM AMBUSH IS BAD BUSINESS, BUD-- IN ANY CENTURY!



AN INSTANT LATER--

A STRANGER -- STANDING OVER THE BODY OF THE VENERABLE ICEND!



CONCEALED BY THE FOLIAGE SEVERAL YARDS AWAY--

TOM-- COME QUICKLY!

BLAZES! I GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY WHEN PEGGY ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION-- BUT I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THIS BOW HE DROPPED!



GREAT GUNS-- THAT'S QUEEN BOADICEA!

LOOK! THE DOG DARES CONFRONT US-- HOLDING THE SELFSAME WEAPON WITH WHICH HE SLEW ICEND!



HE IS A ROMAN SPY-- ASSIGNED TO MURDER THE WIZARD WHOSE COUNSEL I FOLLOWED! SEIZE THEM-- AND LET THEIR BLOOD FLOW OVER THE ALTARS OF OUR DRUIDS!



AS THE BRITONS CLOSE IN--

SORRY, CHUM-- BUT THAT
SPEAR'S HANDICAPPING
OUR GOOD RELATIONS!



CRACK!

BLAM!



TOM! GET
OUT OF THE
WAY!

CRASH!



A MOMENT LATER--

YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN
WE'RE NOT ALLIED WITH
THE ROMANS! WE'VE
VOYAGED FROM THE
FUTURE-- ON A PEACE-
FUL MISSION!

HOW CAN WE TRUST STRANGERS-- AT A
TIME WHEN ALL BRITAIN TREMBLES
BEFORE THE AWAITED ROMAN ATTACK?
THE SIXTH LEGION WILL MARCH IN
FORCE AS SOON AS ITS GENERALS
GET A FAVORABLE PORTENT FROM
THE GODS-- AND MY WARRIORS WILL
NOT BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE
FEARFUL WEAPONS OF THE
INVADERS!

BOADICEA-- I
HAPPEN TO KNOW
THAT THE ROMANS
STAND IN AWE OF
ICENO'S PROPHECIES--
AND THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA THAT
WILL PROVE OUR
FRIENDSHIP!

AYE, ICENO'S FORE-
SIGHT NEVER FAILED--
AND LATELY HE SPOKE
OF DIRE EVENTS-- THE
DIN OF BATTLE AND
THE ROAR OF THE
ELEMENTS! BUT SPEAK--
WHAT IS THIS PLAN
YOU MENTION?



BY TAKING ICENO'S
COSTUME AND DIS-
GUISED MYSELF-- I
MAY FIND A WAY TO
GIVE THE ROMANS
THE PORTENT THEY'RE
WAITING FOR! IF IT
WORKS OUT RIGHT--
THE ENTIRE SIXTH
LEGION CAN BE
LURED INTO A
TRAP!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU WISH--
BUT THREE OF MY GUARDS
SHALL GO WITH YOU! THE
GIRL WILL REMAIN WITH US--
AND IF YOU AND THE WARRIORS
HAVE NOT RETURNED BY THE
TIME THE FULL MOON IS IN
MID-HEAVEN-- SHE
WILL DIE!

DON'T WORRY,
SWEETHEART!
IT'LL BE
TOUGH GOING--
BUT I WON'T
LET YOU
DOWN!

MILES BEYOND-- WITHIN SOUND
OF THE SEA--

OUR WAY
GROWS
DANGEROUS!
WITH EVERY
STEP-- WE
RISK
MEETING
A ROMAN
PATROL!

THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO REACH THE
CAMP! WE'LL GO
AROUND THE
SENTRIES-- BY
HEADING TOWARD THE
COAST AND MAKING
OUR WAY TO THE CLIFF
AT THE SEAWARD SIDE
OF THE CAMP!



HOURS LATER--



WE HAVE ELUDED THE ROMANS-- BUT IT IS OUR GOOD FORTUNE THE TIDE IS LOW!

TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW--

LOW TIDE... IN THAT CASE-- WHEN THE SEA RISES, IT MUST SWEEP CLOSE TO THE LEVEL OF THAT HOLE IN THE ROCK!



MY GOSH! IT'S AN IMMENSE CAVERN-- EXTENDING BACK BENEATH THE ENTIRE CAMP! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA-- AND IT'LL NEED NOTHING BUT A COUPLE OF DRIFTWOOD LEVERS AND PLENTY OF MUSCLE!



ALL TOGETHER-- HEAVE! WE'RE GOING TO CLEAR AWAY AS MUCH ROCK AS POSSIBLE-- AND LOWER THAT OPENING!



IS THAT YOUR PLAN-- TO HAVE THE SEA RUSH INTO THE CAVE WHEN THE TIDE RISES?

NOW YOU'RE CATCHING ON! HIGH TIDE'S DUE AT MOONRISE-- AND I'M GOING TO PALM IT OFF AS THE PORTENT THE ROMANS ARE WAITING FOR!



AS TOM COMPLETES HIS DISGUISE--

AYE-- IT IS WELL DONE! TO THE ROMANS WHO HAVE HAD BUT FEW GLIMPSES OF ICENO-- YOU WILL INDEED BE THE WIZARD HIMSELF!

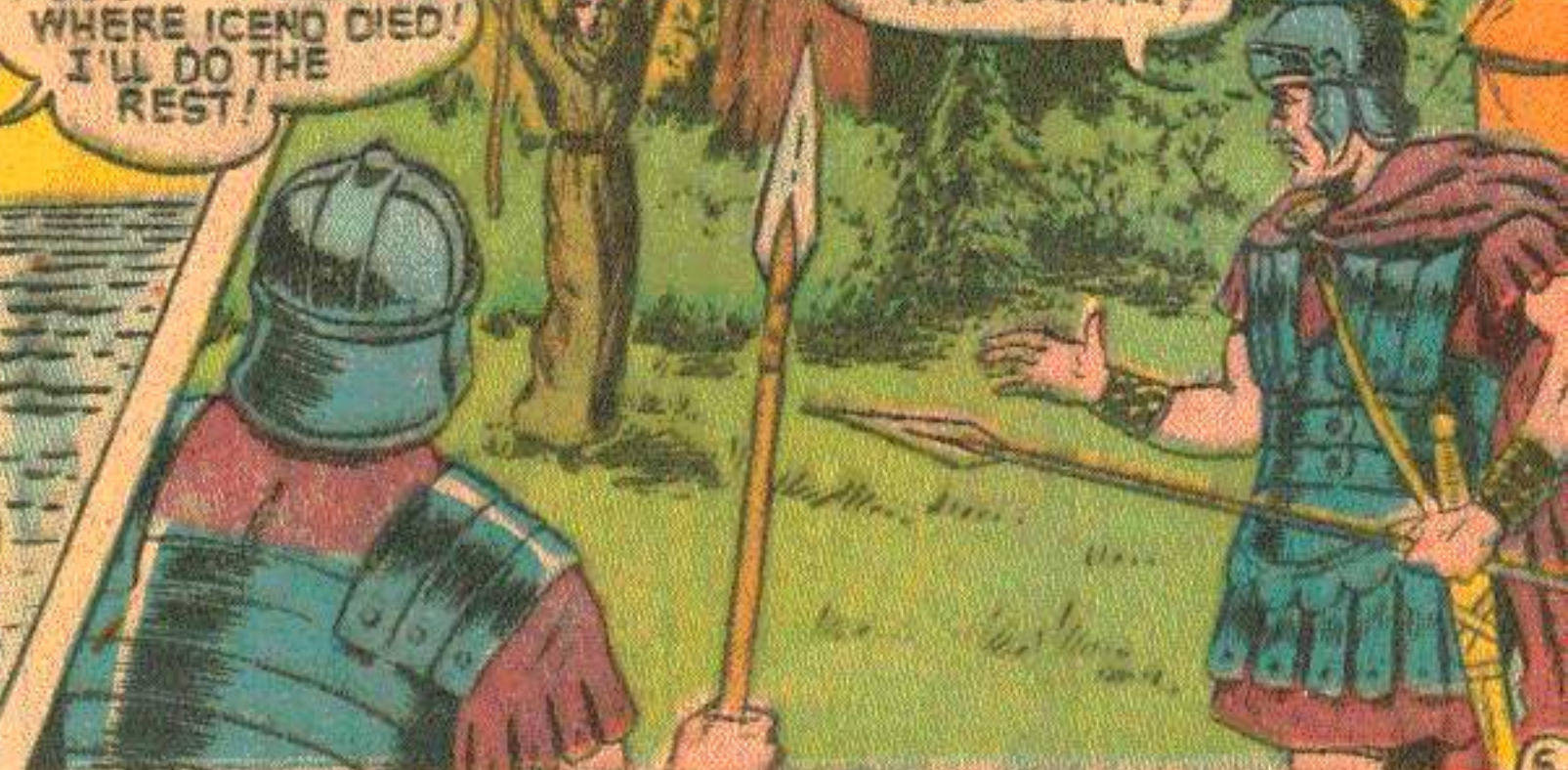


THE TRAP MUST BE SPRUNG FROM BOTH ENDS! RETURN TO BOADICEA AND TELL HER TO POST THE BRITISH FORCES AT BOTH ENDS OF THE WOODED VALLEY WHERE ICENO DIED! I'LL DO THE REST!

SOON AFTER-WARD--

THE GODS HAVE SPOKEN! WOE TO BOADICEA AND BRITAIN!

APOLLO DEFEND US! WHAT SORCERY IS THIS? IT IS ICENO-- WHO FELL THIS VERY DAY WITH AN ARROW IN HIS HEART!



HOURS LATER--

A ROMAN ARROW PIERCED YOUR HEART-- AND YET YOU LIVE-- AND SEEK US OUT! WHY?

TO SEEK REFUGE, GREAT ONE! THE BRITONS ARE DOOMED -- WHEN THE VOICES OF THE GODS SOUND THROUGH YOUR CAMP! IT WILL HAPPEN AT MOONRISE-- AND THEN BOADICEA AND HER WARRIORS WILL FALL BEFORE ROMAN BLADES!

BE WARY OF A TRICK, MARCELLUS! LET THE WIZARD PROVE HIS POWERS AND SHOW WHETHER HE CAN DEFY DEATH AGAIN!

STAY YOUR SWORD! WE WILL WAIT FOR THE RISING MOON-- AND IF THEN THESE VOICES DO NOT SPEAK-- ICENO WILL BE TRAMPLED BY A HUNDRED HORSES!

IT IS LIKE A FAR-OFF WHISPER-- THE SOFT CHANT OF HIDDEN VOICES! AND IT COMES AT MOONRISE-- WHEN ICENO SAID THE GODS WOULD SPEAK!

THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT THE SEA IS FLOODING THE CAVE! THE WEIRD NOISE WILL GET LOUDER AND LOUDER-- AND TO SUPERSTITIOUS MINDS THAT WANT A PORTENT-- IT'S BOUND TO SOUND LIKE A MESSAGE!

AS THE EERIE CADENCE THROBS THROUGH THE CAMP--

AS THE SIXTH LEGION SETS OUT IN FORCE--

THE PROPHECY HAS COME TO PASS, MARCELLUS-- THE VOICES OF THE GODS RISE ALL AROUND US!

ROMANS-- THIS IS THE HOUR! AS IT WAS FATED-- SO IT SHALL BE! WE WILL ATTACK!

THEY'RE SURE TO HEAD THROUGH THE VALLEY WHERE BOADICEA'S FORCES ARE WAITING! BUT IF I'M NOT THERE WHEN THE FIGHTING STARTS-- THE BRITONS MAY CARRY OUT THEIR THREAT TO KILL PEGGY!

AAGHHHH!

THIS'LL BE A WILD NIGHT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! I DON'T KNOW HOW ICENO MANAGED TO PREDICT IT-- BUT WITHIN AN HOUR THERE'LL BE A TREMENDOUS STORM SMASHING ALL ALONG THE COASTLINE!

SOON AFTERWARD-- WITH A RAGING WIND HOWLING AMONG THE TREES--

TOM! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

I'M NOT SURE ANY OF US ARE--YET! THE ROMAN VANGUARD'S JUST A FEW MINUTES BEHIND ME-- GET YOUR WEAPONS READY!

THEN-- RISING ABOVE THE FURY OF THE STORM--



BUT AS THE ARMORED BOWMEN PRESS FORWARD--

DON'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO RALLY-- PICK OFF THE OFFICERS IN THE CHARIOTS!



WITH THE ROMANS TURNING IN A FRENZIED ROUT--



SOON AFTERWARD--

THIS IS AN EVIL HOUR-- WHEN THE VERY GROUND TREMBLES UNDERFOOT!

WAIT! IS THIS MORE SORCERY-- OR IS OUR CAMP HEAVING LIKE THE SEA ITSELF?



IN A TREMENDOUS SURGE THAT CHANGED THE COAST OF ENGLAND FOR ALL TIME--



NEXT DAY--

AYE, THE GODS TRULY SPOKE TO THE SIXTH LEGION-- WHEN THEIR CAMP WAS ENGULFED BY THE SEA! THEY ARE RETURNING TO ROME-- THANKFUL TO ESCAPE WITH THEIR LIVES!

NO, BOADICEA-- THEY HAVEN'T ESCAPED! NEARLY ALL OF THOSE SOLDIERS ARE MARKED FOR DEATH-- CAUSED BY A STRANGE RAY THAT NOT EVEN ICENO HAD THE POWER TO FORESEE!



AS THE SPACESHIP WHIZZES TOWARD THE PRESENT--

NOW WE KNOW WHY THAT URANIUM DEPOSIT WAS NEVER DETECTED BY BRITISH SCIENTISTS, TOM! THE ENTIRE AREA TOPPLED INTO THE ENGLISH CHANNEL!

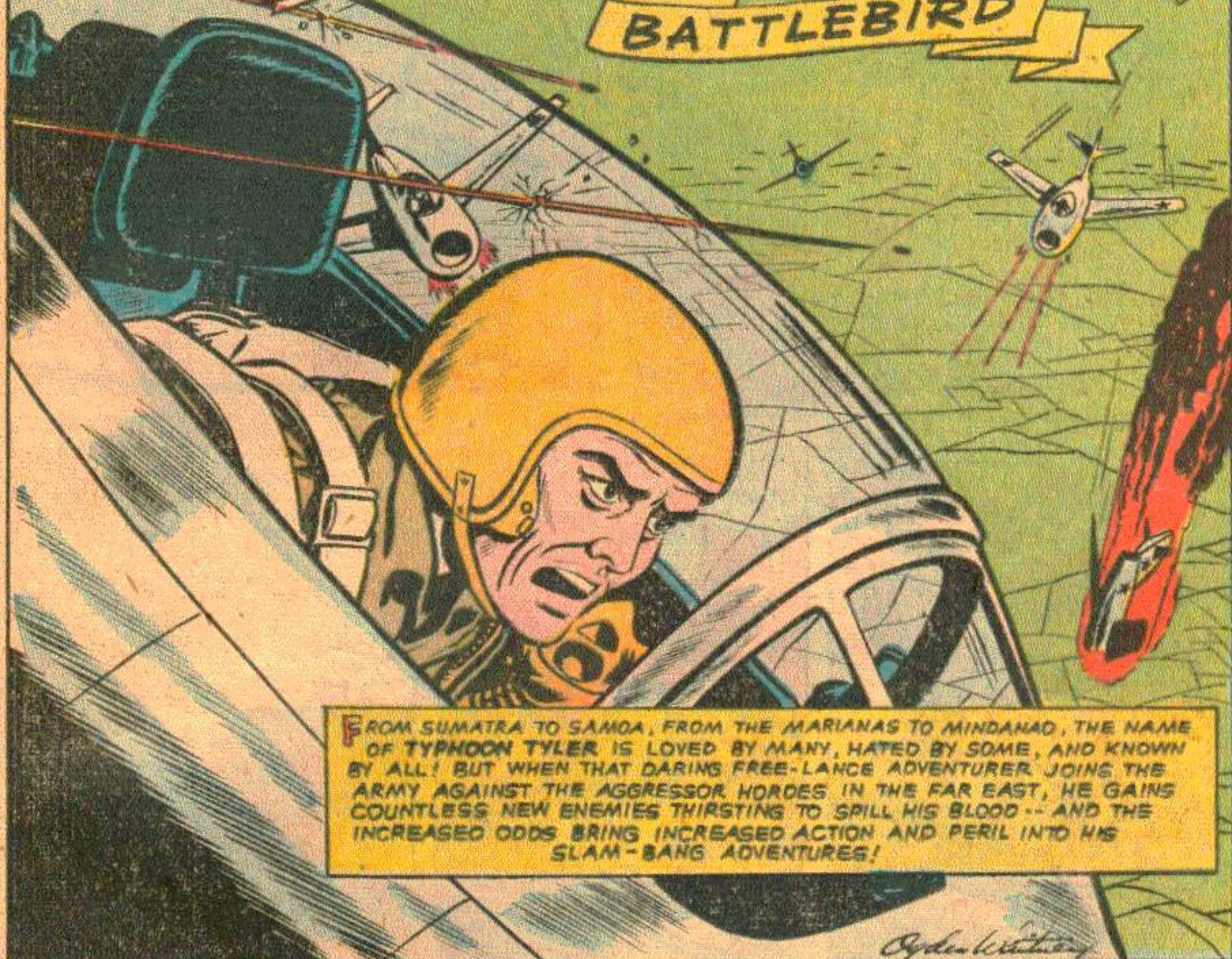
RIGHT! AND THE COMMUNISTS WHO PLOTTED BENTINI'S MURDER ARE GOING TO SQUIRM WHEN THEY LEARN IT'S STILL THERE-- WITHIN EASY REACH OF SHAFTS DRIVEN BELOW THE FLOOR OF THE SEA!



THE TIME TRAVELERS STREAK BACK INTO HISTORY FOR ANOTHER ADVENTURE-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

TYPHOON TYLER

BATTLEBIRD



FROM SUMATRA TO SAMOA, FROM THE MARIANAS TO MINDANAO, THE NAME OF TYPHOON TYLER IS LOVED BY MANY, HATED BY SOME, AND KNOWN BY ALL! BUT WHEN THAT DARING FREE-LANCE ADVENTURER JOINING THE ARMY AGAINST THE AGGRESSOR HORDES IN THE FAR EAST, HE GAINS COUNTLESS NEW ENEMIES THIRSTING TO SPILL HIS BLOOD -- AND THE INCREASED ODDS BRING INCREASED ACTION AND PERIL INTO HIS SLAM-BANG ADVENTURES!

Ogden Watney

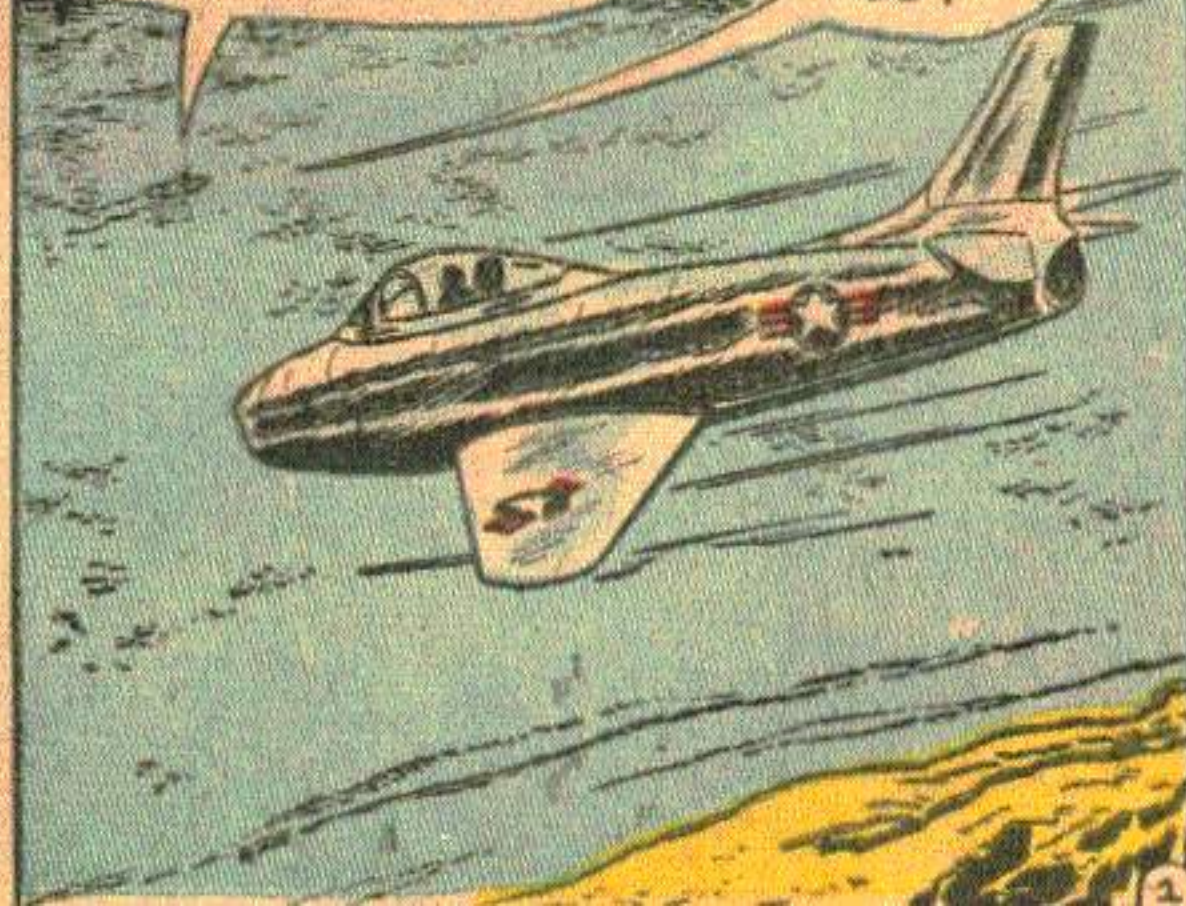
YUP, CHARLIE, MY CONSCIENCE HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME! WE'VE BOTH BEEN SELFISH ALL THESE YEARS, SCOURING THE SOUTH SEAS FOR ADVENTURE AND TREASURE, THINKING ONLY OF OURSELVES! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE BEGAN THINKING OF MORE IMPORTANT THINGS -- LIKE HELPING OUR COUNTRY IN ITS WAR AGAINST COMMUNIST AGGRESSORS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TYPHOON -- AND WE OUGHT TO GET PLENTY OF ACTION FIGHTING THE REDS!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, CHARLIE! WE'LL REACH MANILA BY TOMORROW, AND -- SAY -- ISN'T THAT A U.S. SABRE-JET COMING OUR WAY?

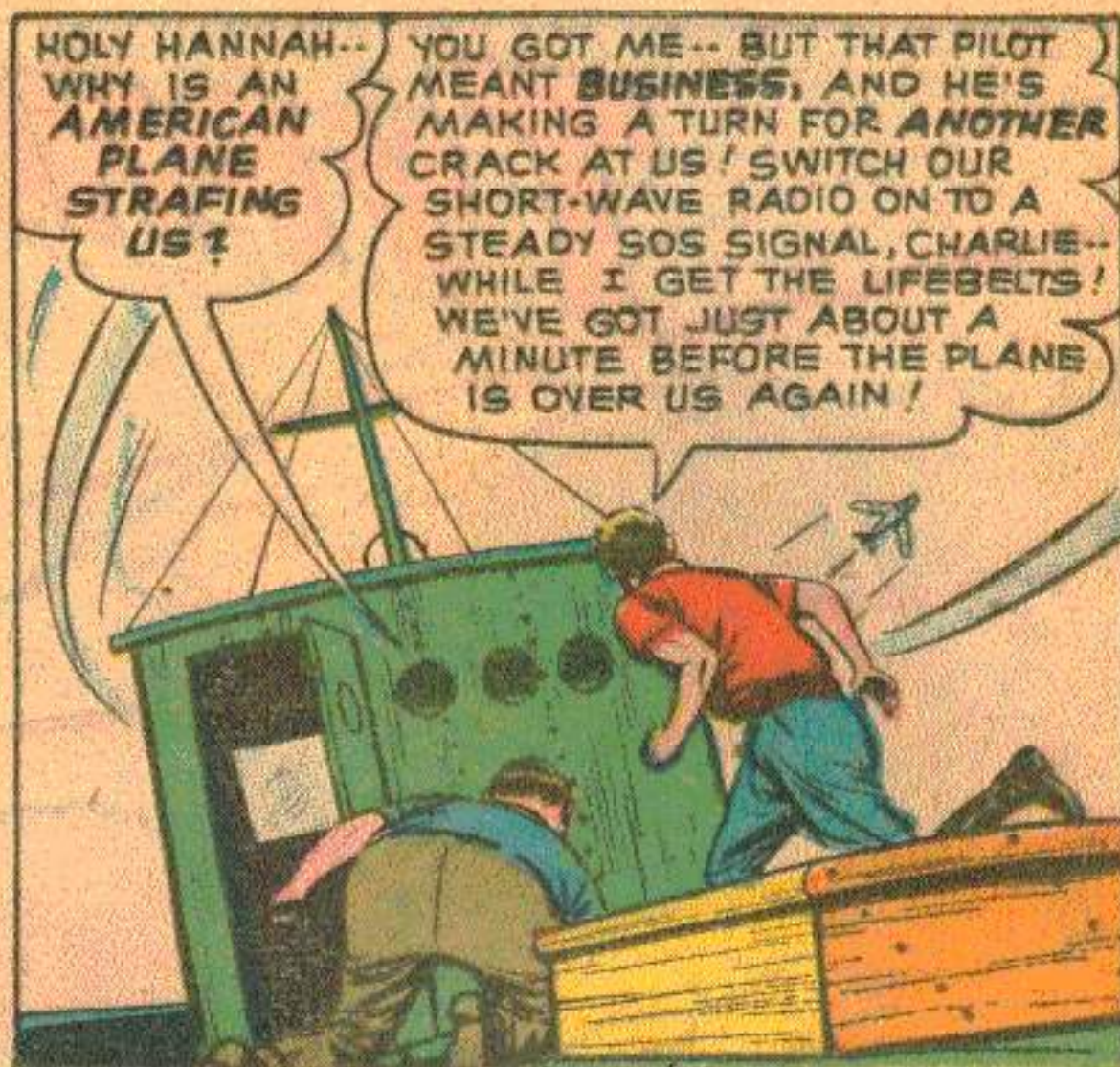
YEAH -- AND IT LOOKS AS IF THE PILOT IS STARTING TO DIVE TOWARD US!





MOMENTS
LATER--

YE GODS!
TAKE COVER!



HOLY HANNAH--
WHY IS AN
AMERICAN
PLANE
STRAFING
US?

YOU GOT ME-- BUT THAT PILOT
MEANT BUSINESS, AND HE'S
MAKING A TURN FOR ANOTHER
CRACK AT US! SWITCH OUR
SHORT-WAVE RADIO ON TO A
STEADY SOS SIGNAL, CHARLIE--
WHILE I GET THE LIFEBELTS!
WE'VE GOT JUST ABOUT A
MINUTE BEFORE THE PLANE
IS OVER US AGAIN!



JUMP!



THERE
GOES
THE
PLANE!

YEAH-- AND
THERE GOES OUR
BOAT! THOSE
MACHINE-GUN
SLUGS MADE A
SIEVE OUT OF THE
DECK-- SHE'S
TAKING ON WATER
FAST!

WHATEVER REASON
THAT PILOT HAD
FOR SINKING OUR
SHIP, TYPHOON, HE
SURE COOKED OUR
GOOSE! IT'S TOO
FAR TO SWIM TO
ANY SHORE--
AND IF SHARKS
DON'T GET US,
EXPOSURE
WILL!

KEEP YOUR CHIN
UP, CHUM-- THIS
SEA LANE IS
PATROLLED BY
THE U.S. NAVY!
IF WE SIGHT A
SHIP, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO SIGNAL
WITH THIS WATER-
PROOFED ROCKET-
FLARE GUN I
GRABBED JUST
BEFORE I DOVE
OVERBOARD!



AS DUSK FALLS OVER THE SULU SEA--

LOOK, SIR--
A SIGNAL
ROCKET!

IT MIGHT BE FROM THE SURVIVORS
OF THAT SHIP WHOSE SOS WAS
SUDDENLY CUT OFF EARLY THIS
AFTERNOON! LET'S GET
TO THEM-- FAST!



LATER-- ABOARD THE U.S. DESTROYER--

... AND FOR THE LIFE
OF US, CAPTAIN, WE
JUST COULDN'T FIGURE
OUT WHY AN AMERICAN
PILOT WOULD ATTACK
AN INNOCENT, UN-
ARMED BOAT!

THAT WAS NO AMERICAN
PILOT! APPARENTLY
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD
THAT THE COMMUNIST
HUK REBELS, WHO HAVE
BEEN FIGHTING THE DEMO-
CRATIC PHILIPPINE GOVERN-
MENT FOR YEARS, SWEEP
DOWN FROM THE HILLS OF
PANAY IN OVERWHELMING
FORCE LAST WEEK AND
CAPTURED A U.S. AIR
BASE ON THE ISLAND!



THE HUKS SEIZED ALL THE JET PLANES ON THE FIELD-- AND ARE NOW USING THEM TO STRAFE SHIPPING AND SUPPORT HUK OFFENSIVES ON NEARBY ISLANDS! THE SITUATION IS CRITICAL, BECAUSE OUR HANDS ARE TIED-- WE CAN'T BOMB THE BASE, BECAUSE WE'LL NEED IT WHEN THE HUKS ARE DRIVEN OFF! AND JETS ARE BADLY NEEDED IN KOREA, SO WE CAN'T GET REPLACEMENTS TO SHOOT THE HUKS OUT OF THE SKIES!



HERE'S OUR CHANCE FOR ACTION, CHARLIE! I'M GOING TO REENLIST IN THE AIR CORPS WHEN WE GET TO MANILA! FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS AROUND HERE, THEY CAN USE EXPERIENCED PILOTS!

YEAH, AND I GUESS THEY NEED TOP FLIGHT GROUND MECHANICS LIKE ME-- I'D PROBABLY EVEN GET BACK MY SERGEANT'S STRIPES! AT LEAST WE'D BE TOGETHER-- WHATEVER HAPPENS, TYPHOON!



IN MANILA--

I WAS PROUD TO GIVE YOU BACK YOUR AIR FORCE COMMISSION, TYLER-- NO ONE IN THE CORPS WILL EVER FORGET YOUR COMBAT RECORD IN THE LAST WAR! I'D LIKE TO ASSIGN YOU TO HELP DRIVE THE HUKS OFF THE PANAY BASE-- BUT UNFORTUNATELY, WE CAN'T! OUR NEAREST AIRFIELD TO PANAY IS ON MINDORO ISLAND-- BUT WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE JET PLANE THERE!

I CAN ONLY FLY ONE PLANE AT A TIME, SIR-- AND ONE IS ALL I NEED! I'LL TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE MINDORO BASE--

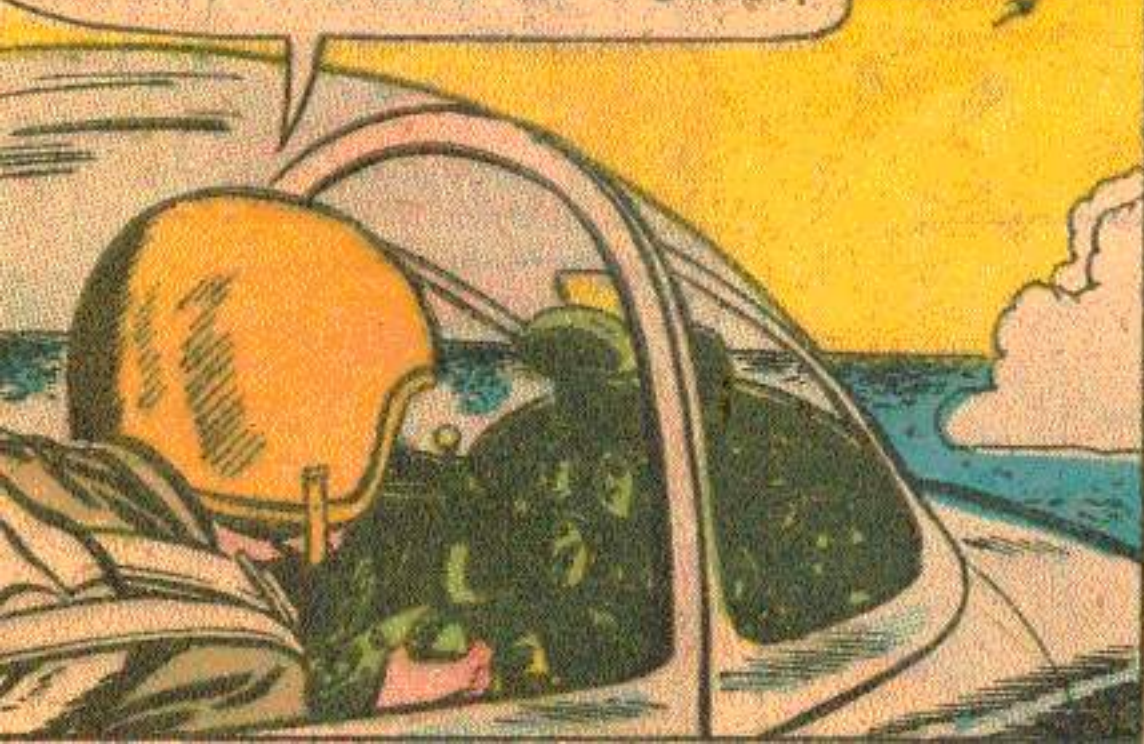
SHE'S ALL TUNED UP AND RARING TO GO, TYPHOON! I SURE WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

I KNOW, CHARLIE-- BUT THE ONLY OTHER USABLE FIGHTER PLANE ON THE BASE IS AN OLD BEAT-UP FLYING TIGER CRATE FROM THE LAST WAR-- AND IT WOULD BE NO MATCH FOR THE HUKS FLYING OUR SABREJETS! SO I'LL HAVE TO GO IT ALONE! SEE YOU LATER, PAL-- I HOPE!

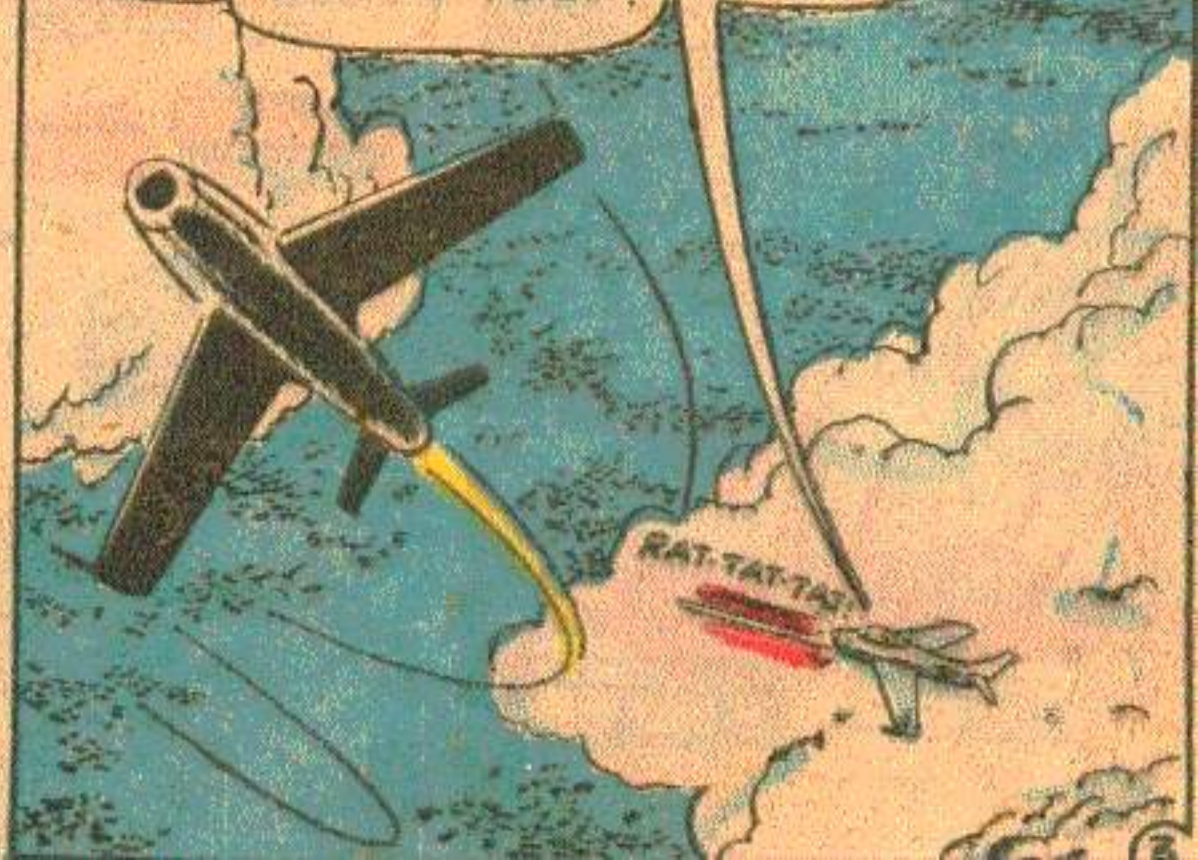


SOON AFTERWARDS, HIGH OVER THE WATERS SEPARATING MINDORO AND PANAY--

THAT'S A SABREJET BEARING DOWN ON ME FROM THE DIRECTION OF PANAY-- AND SINCE THERE ARE NO OTHER U.S. JETS IN THE AREA, THAT MUST BE ONE OF THE PLANES THE HUKS CAPTURED! SOON AS HE COMES WITHIN RANGE, I'LL GIVE 'IM A BURST!



WOW! HE SURE DODGED THAT ONE! I'M GOING TOO FAST TO SEE THE PILOT-- BUT I'LL BET MY BOTTOM DIME HE'S SOVIET-TRAINED-- AND NOT A HUK! BUT WHOEVER HE IS, HE'LL SOON FIND OUT HE CAN'T MATCH AN AMERICAN-TRAINED FLIER!



MOMENTS LATER, AS TYPHOON DIVES
IN PURSUIT--

ARGHHHHH!



UNHAPPY LANDINGS, RAT! I HATED TO SHOOT
DOWN ONE OF OUR OWN PLANES, BUT IF MY
PLAN WORKS, IT WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!
NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS COME IN FOR A
LANDING AT THE HUK-HELD PANAY BASE--
AND THE HUKS WILL THINK IT'S ONE OF
THEIR OWN PLANES RETURNING!

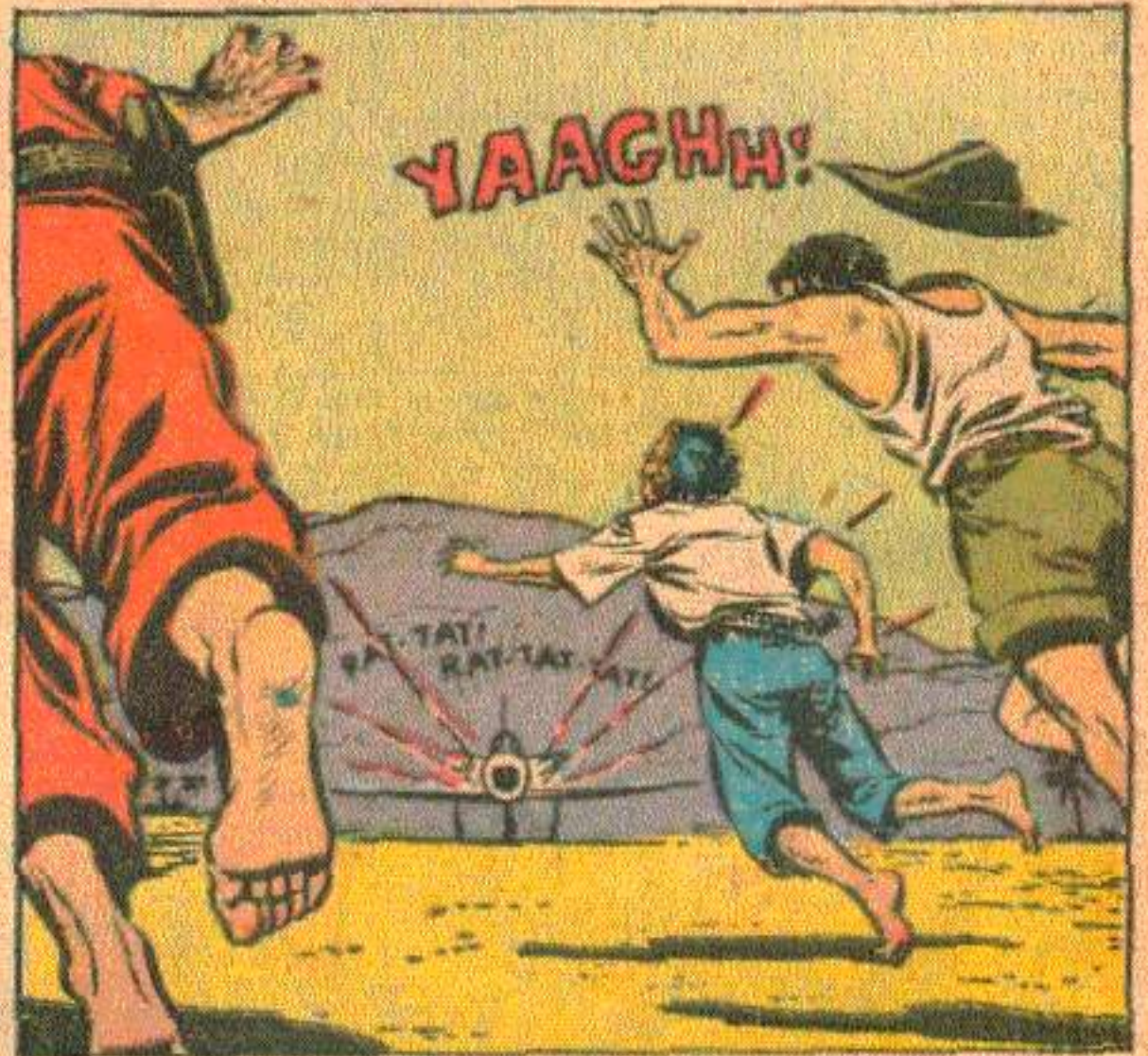


SOON AFTERWARDS, OVER THE PANAY AIRFIELD--

JUST AS I FIGURED-- THE HUKS AREN'T EVEN
SUSPICIOUS-- THEIR GROUND CREWS ARE RUNNING
TO MEET ME! WELL, THEY'RE SURE DUE
FOR A SURPRISE!



YAAGHH!



THAT OUGHT TO KEEP THOSE
REDS FOR A WHILE! NOW
I'LL JUST TAXI UP AND
DOWN, DAMAGING THESE
SABREJETS ENOUGH SO
THAT THE COMMUNISTS
CAN'T USE THEM
AGAINST US!



OH-OH--TROUBLE! NOW THAT I'VE
FINISHED WHAT I CAME HERE
FOR, I'D BETTER GET GOING--
BUT FIRST I'LL TURN MY SHIP
AROUND AROUND AND GIVE THOSE
REDS A TASTE OF MY
JET EXHAUST!



SO LONG, RATS-- THERE'S
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER
ME BY!



BACK ON MINDORO ISLAND--

... THAT'S RIGHT, SIR-- I DISABLED EVERY ONE OF THOSE JETS EXCEPT A TWO-SEAT JET TRAINER THAT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE USED AGAINST US!

GREAT WORK, LIEUTENANT! NOW THAT THE HUKS HAVE NO AIR SUPPORT, OUR MARINES AND FILIPINO AGENTS CAN START PREPARING FOR AN ASSAULT AGAINST THE PANAY BASE! WE'LL HAVE IT RECAPTURED WITHIN A WEEK!



YES, THEY'D SEND US REELING BACK IN DEFEAT-- AND THEN THE HUKS COULD START A GENERAL OFFENSIVE THAT MIGHT WIN ALL THE PHILIPPINES! THEY MUST BE STOPPED!

HMM, I CAN'T TRY THE SAME TRICK I PULLED BEFORE, BECAUSE THEY'D NEVER LET A U.S. SABREJET LAND ON THE FIELD AGAIN! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO-- I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE THAT WHOLE MIG SQUADRON BY MYSELF-- AND HOPE THAT I CAN DOWN ENOUGH OF THEM TO CRIPPLE THEIR STRIKING POWER!



BUT IF THIS IS A SUICIDE MISSION, TYPHOON, THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU! MAYBE TOGETHER WE CAN COME OUT OF THIS!

I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD PILOT, CHARLIE, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER PLANE HERE YOU CAN FLY EXCEPT THAT FLYING TIGER CRATE -- AND THAT'D BE A SITTING DUCK FOR THOSE MIGS! BESIDES, THERE'S NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US GETTING KNOCKED OFF! GOODBYE, PAL-- REMEMBER ME NOW AND THEN!



A FEW DAYS LATER--

TYLER, WE'VE JUST RECEIVED BAD NEWS FROM ONE OF OUR FILIPINO AGENTS IN THE HUK CAMP! A SOVIET AIRCRAFT CARRIER SLIPPED DOWN FROM VLADIVOSTOK AND FLEW A WHOLE SQUADRON OF MIG JETS INTO THE PANAY BASE!

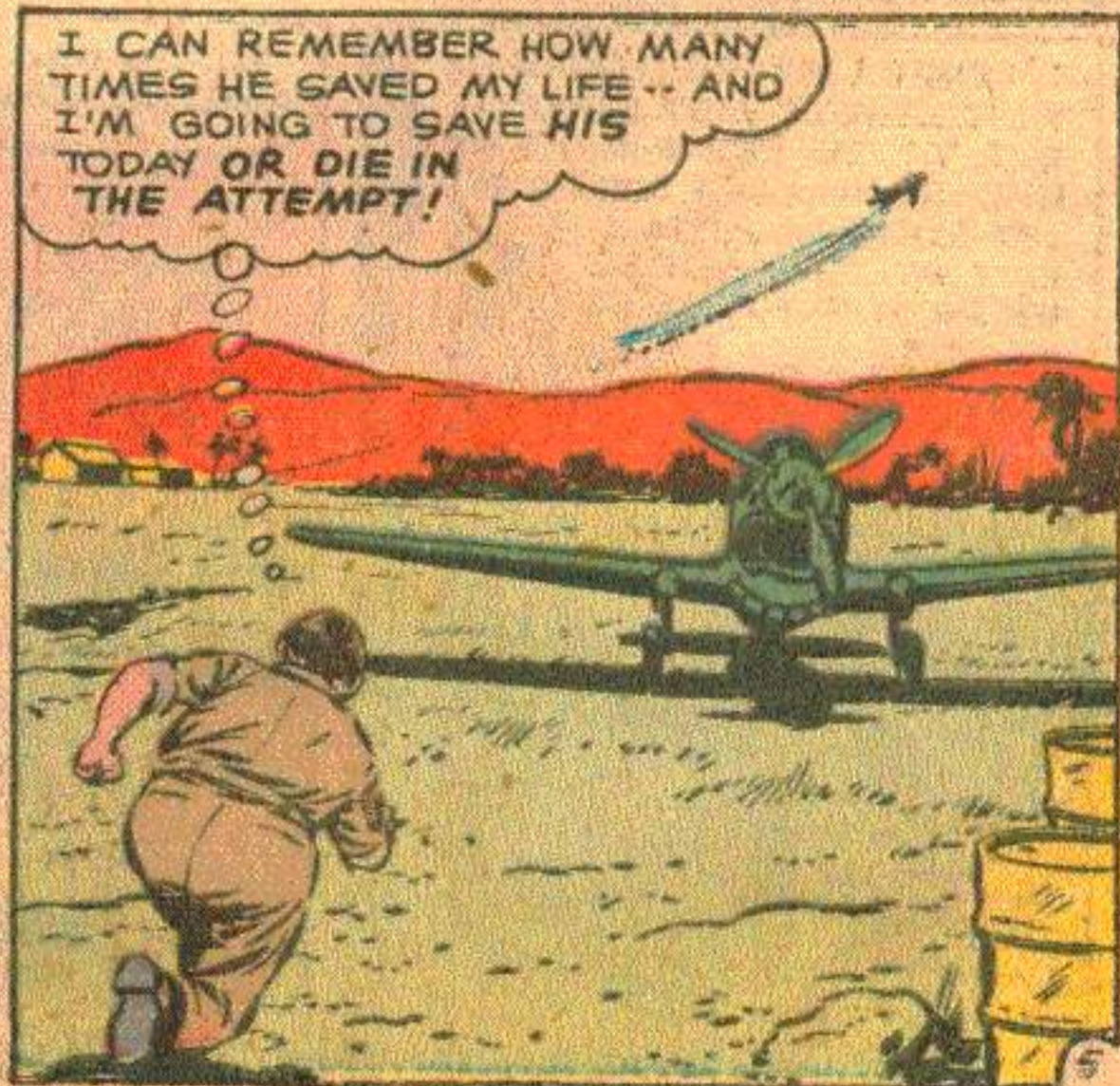
GREAT SCOTT-- WITH THAT KIND OF AIR SUPPORT, THEY'D INFLICT TERRIBLE CASUALTIES ON OUR FORCES WHEN WE ATTACK PANAY!



IT'S SUICIDE, TYLER-- YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK ALIVE FROM A SINGLE-HANDED BATTLE AGAINST A WHOLE SQUADRON OF MIGS! BUT I WON'T TRY TO STOP YOU-- BECAUSE EVEN IF YOU ONLY TAKE A COUPLE OF MIGS WITH YOU, IT WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!



I CAN REMEMBER HOW MANY TIMES HE SAVED MY LIFE -- AND I'M GOING TO SAVE HIS TODAY OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!



SOON AFTERWARDS, OFF THE ISLAND OF PANAY--

FLYING TIGER
CALLING TYPHOON
TYLER-- CAN
YOU HEAR ME,
TYPHOON?

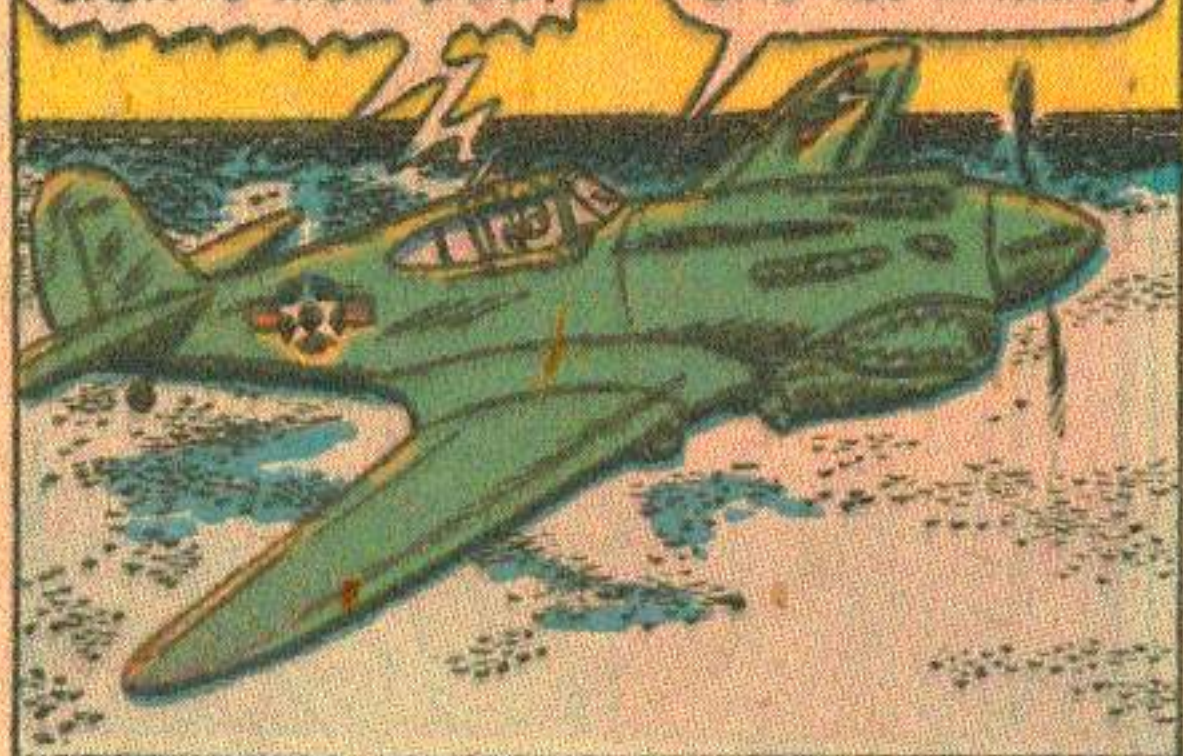
CHARLIE! KEEP THAT
CRATE AWAY FROM PANAY,
YOU CRAZY FOOL-- THAT
WHOLE SQUADRON OF MIGS
IS COMING UP TO MEET ME!



SUDDENLY--

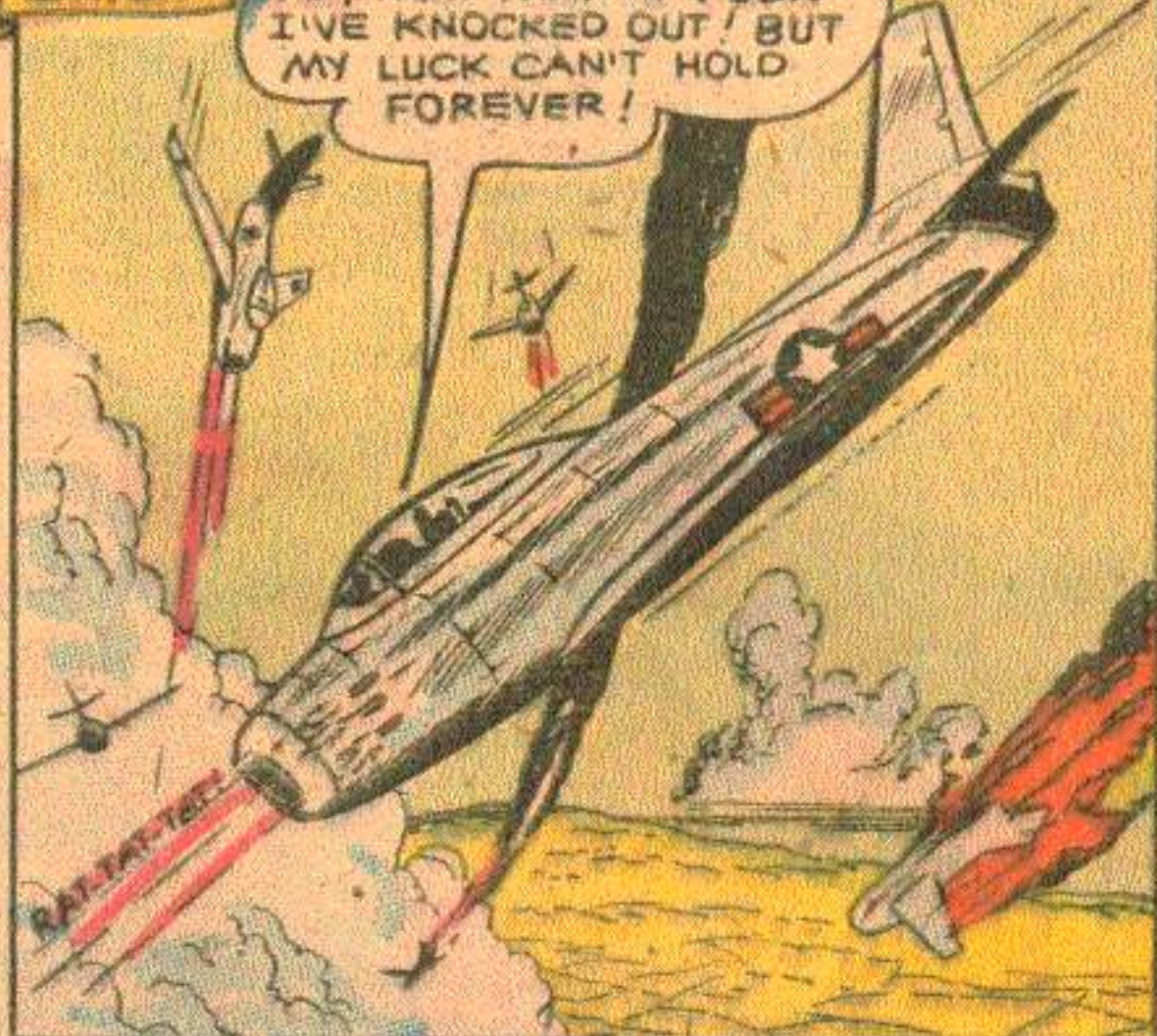
CHARLIE-- ONE OF THEIR
BURSTS KNOCKED OUT MY
CONTROLS! I'M SPIRALLING
DOWN TOWARD THE JUNGLES--
THE MIGS ARE GIVING ME
UP FOR LOST, BECAUSE
THEY'RE ALL HEADING
BACK TO THEIR BASE!

GIVE ME YOUR
POSITION BEFORE
YOU PARACHUTE!
I SHOULD BE OVER
THE ISLAND IN A
FEW MINUTES-- I
MAY BE ABLE TO
GIVE YOU A HAND!



LATER--

AH, THAT MAKES FOUR
I'VE KNOCKED OUT! BUT
MY LUCK CAN'T HOLD
FOREVER!



I'M SORRY I GAVE CHARLIE MY POSITION--
HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAND IN
THIS SWAMPY JUNGLE!



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF
THAT SWAMP MUD BELOW--
BUT THOSE LOGS RIGHT
UNDER ME OUGHT TO HOLD
MY WEIGHT AFTER I
CUT MYSELF LOOSE
FROM THIS HARNESS!



YIPE-- THOSE
ARE NO LOGS!



AS THE SWAMP SUDDENLY COMES
ALIVE WITH MONSTROUS HEADS
AND SNAPPING JAWS--

WHEW-- THAT
WAS CLOSE-- TOO
CLOSE!



THAT BRANCH IS BENDING UNDER MY WEIGHT, BRINGING ME CLOSER TO THOSE CROCS! AND I DON'T DARE TRY TO CLIMB UP, OR THE BRANCH WILL BREAK CLEAN OFF! SO IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME WHICH GIVES OUT FIRST-- THE BRANCH OR MY ARMS!



AS THE MINUTES PASS, TYPHOON'S LEGS SINK CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE RAVENOUS JAWS-- BUT THEN--

AH, THERE'S TYPHOON'S PARACHUTE CAUGHT IN A TREE! WAIT-- HE'S IN TROUBLE--THOSE ARE CROCODILES BENEATH HIM!



IN A DARING DIVE--

GOOD BOY, CHARLIE-- JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!



NOW I'M SURE I'M LANDING ON SOMETHING THAT'S AS DEAD AS A LOG!



MINUTES LATER--

WOW-- THAT WAS ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT PANCAKE LANDINGS I'VE EVER SEEN!



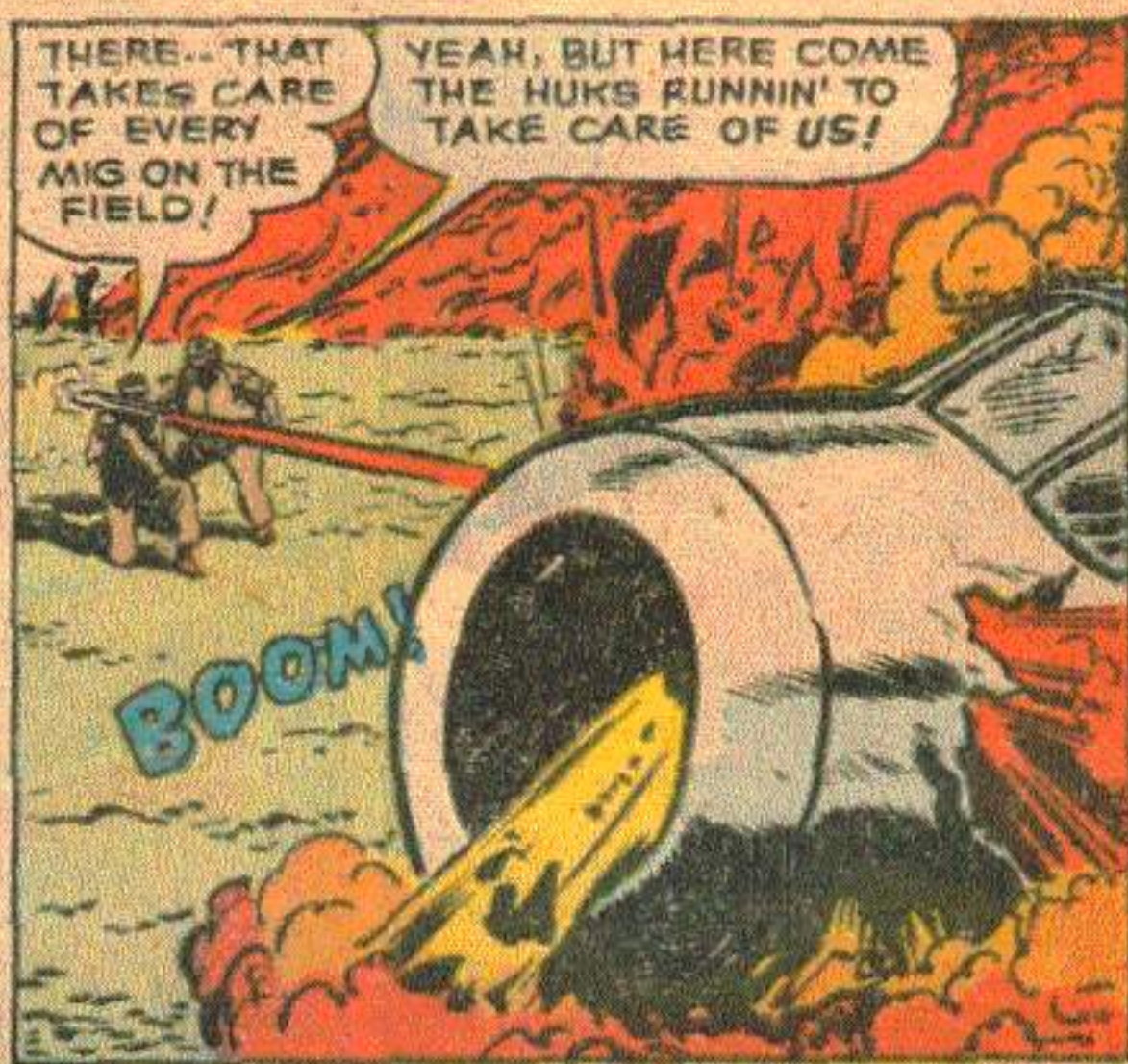
THANKS A MILLION, CHARLIE-- I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME! BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET! YOUR PLANE COULD NEVER TAKE OFF FROM THESE SWAMPS, SO THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE OF GETTING BACK TO MINDORO ALIVE IS TO CUT THROUGH THE JUNGLES TO PANAY AIRFIELD-- AND GO INTO ACTION THERE!



TOWARD DAWN, AFTER A TORTUOUS TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE--

THAT'S THE AIRBASE JUST AHEAD OF US, CHARLIE! WAIT HERE WHILE I SNEAK UP BEHIND THAT HUK GUARD AND PUT HIM TO SLEEP!





BACK ON MINDORO--

THAT WAS A TERRIFIC JOB YOU DID ON THOSE
HUKS--WE'RE SURE TO RECAPTURE THE AIRFIELD
NOW! AND I'VE GOT GREAT NEWS FOR YOU,
TYLER--ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT CARRIERS IS
OFF MINDORO RIGHT NOW, AND THEY'RE GOING
TO LOAN US THE USE OF SOME OF THEIR JET
FIGHTERS FOR THE ATTACK! WHEN I TOLD THE
ADMIRAL ABOUT YOU, HE SAID HE'D BE PROUD
TO HAVE YOU FLY ONE
OF THEIR PLANES! GREAT! I WAS BEGIN-

GREAT! I WAS BEGIN-
NING TO BE AFRAID I'D
BE LEFT OUT OF
THE SHOW!

NEXT DAY, LEADING THE WAY IN THE ATTACK
AGAINST THE HUKS--

STAND OR
RUN, RATS--
EITHER WAY
YOU DIE!

~~RAT. TAT. TAT.~~

AND THROUGH THE HOLES CUT IN THE HULKS' LINES BY TYPHOON STORM THE U.S. MARINES!

CUT 'EM
TO RIBBONS,
BOYS!

BOOM!

BUT THE CUTTING UP OF ISOLATED POCKETS OF RESISTANCE IS LEFT TO THE LOYAL FILIPINO TROOPS-- AND TO CUTLASS CHARLIE!

GOTTA LIVE UP TO
MY NAME IN SOME
WAY -- AND WHAT
BETTER WAY THAN
THIS?

FLEE FROM THE FAT
ONE'S BLADE-- BEFORE
WE ALL DIE
BENEATH IT!

WITH THE DISORGANIZED HUK SURVIVORS FLEEING
INTO THE HILLS --

NOT ONLY HAVE WE RECAPTURED THE PANAY AIR-
BASE, BUT THE HUKS WILL NEVER FULLY RECOVER
FROM THE BEATING THEY TOOK TODAY! **THE
PHILIPPINES ARE SAFE!** AND IN VIEW OF
YOUR MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE, LIEUTENANT
TYLER, YOU'RE GOING TO BE OUR FLYING
TROUBLE-SHOOTER IN THE FAR EAST -- BEING
SENT IN TO STEM THE
TIDE OF AGGRESSION,
WHEREVER IT
OCCURS!

HEY-- THAT MEANS I'LL
BE **SEPARATED**
FROM YOU, TYPHOON!

HEY-- THAT MEANS I'LL
BE **SEPARATED**
FROM YOU, TYPHOON!

NOT AT ALL, SERGEANT!
WE REALIZE THAT A MAN
LIKE TYPHOON TYLER IS
TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE--
SO WE WANT TO GIVE
HIM THE BEST
MECHANIC IN THE
AIR CORPS-- AND
THAT'S YOU!

GREAT!
THAT
MEANS
I'LL BE
GOING
REVER
GO,
DOON!

RIGHT--
THERE'S
ADVENTURE
APLENTY
AHEAD FOR
BOTH OF US,
PAL!

AND THERE'S PLENTY OF ADVENTURE AHEAD FOR YOU READERS-- IN TYPHOON TYLER'S NEXT ACTION-PACKED BATTLE AGAINST AMERICA'S ENEMIES! DON'T MISS IT--
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE
END

ONE MAN ARMY... DEXTER CLEMENS

EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS THAT MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON COMMANDED THE AMERICAN FORCES IN THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS ON JANUARY 8TH, 1815...



ONE OF THOSE WHO TOOK JACKSON'S WORDS LITERALLY THAT FATEFUL MORNING, WAS A YOUNG AMERICAN MILITIAMAN BY THE NAME OF **DEXTER CLEMENS**... WHOSE FIGHTING SPIRIT ERUPTED WHEN HE SAW THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER GIVE WAY UNDER THE FURIOUS BRITISH ASSAULT!



ON THE RUN, DEXTER FIRED AT THE MAN WHO WAS LEADING THE BRITISH CHARGE... AND KILLED NO LESS A PERSONAGE THAN MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES!



THEN THE GALLANT YOUNG AMERICAN BECAME A VERITABLE **ONE-MAN-ARMY**, HURLING HIMSELF INTO THE MIDST OF THE DEMORALIZED ENEMY, FIRING, BAYONETTING AND CLUBBING UNTIL THERE WAS A PILE OF BRITISH DEAD AROUND HIM!



THEARTENED BY THE SIGHT OF DEXTER'S BRAVERY, AMERICANS RALLIED AND CAME TO HIS AID, DRIVING THE FOE BACK... BUT NOT BEFORE ONE BRITISHER'S PARTING SHOT CAUGHT THE **ONE-MAN-ARMY**!



THANKS TO THE **ONE-MAN-ARMY**'S INSPIRED FIGHT, THE RIGHT BANK WAS SECURED... AND THE AMERICANS WENT ON TO A GLORIOUS VICTORY! THE BRITISH LOST 2,000 OF THEIR 9,000 MEN, WHILE THE AMERICANS SUFFERED ONLY 71 CASUALTIES... BUT ONE OF THOSE TURNED OUT TO BE **DEXTER CLEMENS**... UNSUNG HERO OF THE WAR OF 1812!



NO BRAVER MAN EVER LIVED... AND DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!



FLASH!

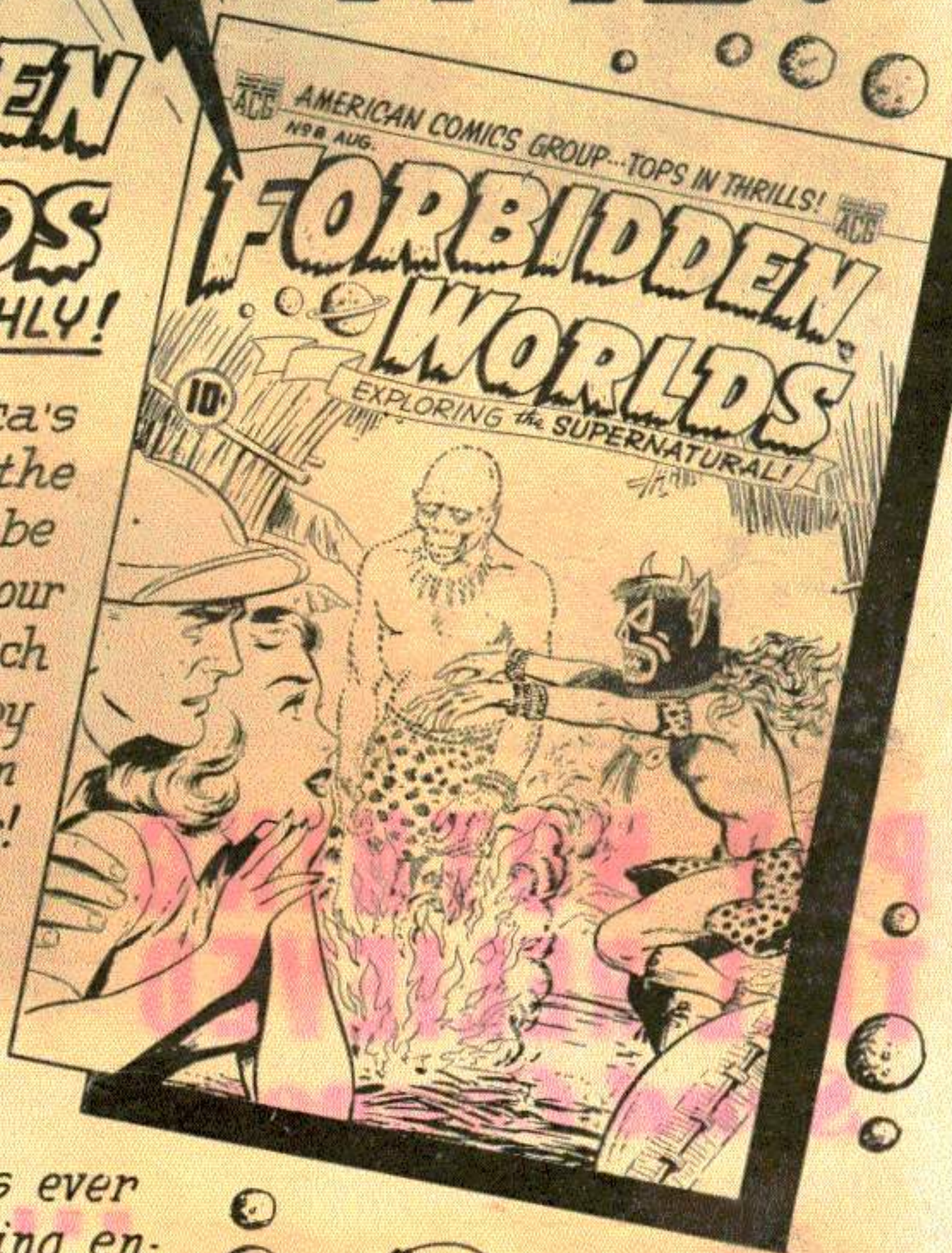
*You asked
for it...*

HERE IT IS!

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

Now APPEARS MONTHLY!

That's right...America's great magazine of the Supernatural can now be bought **EACH MONTH** at your favorite newsstand! Which means that you can enjoy twice as many thrills from the nation's favorite thriller! You'll gasp at zombies, ghosts, werewolves, vampires--twice as much as ever before! Explore the eerie Supernatural in the greatest, most challenging stories ever written! For spine-tingling entertainment that's tops, read

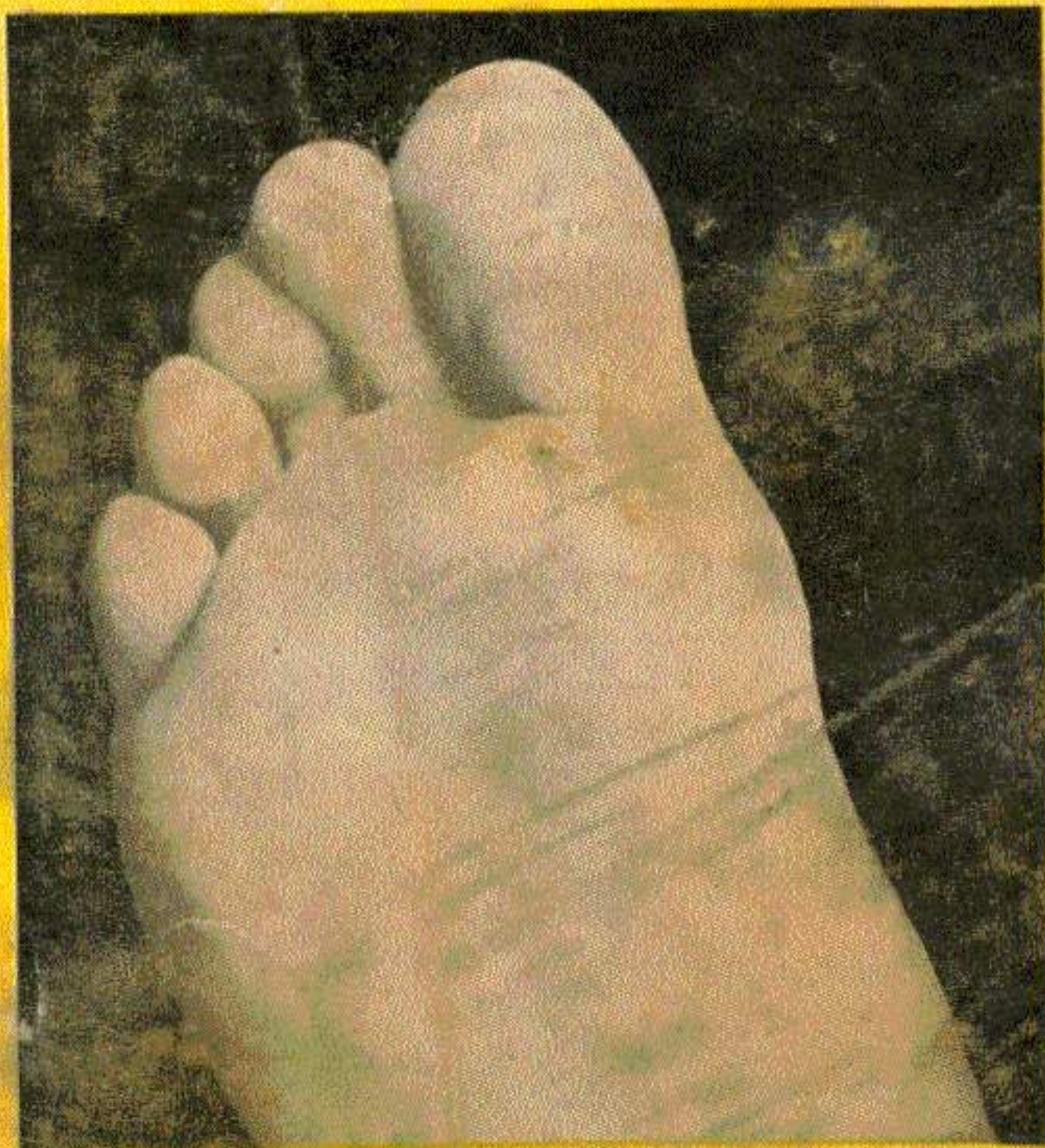


FORBIDDEN WORLDS

The MIRACLE
MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes lodged in and immediately beneath the outer tissue of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used should first, gently remove the horny outer layer of skin and kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It gently removes the horny outer layer of the skin, killing the vegetable growth, in and immediately under the skin, upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed. Often the terrible itching is relieved at once.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is both contagious and infectious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.
610 Girod St., New Orleans 12, La.

A

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____